Cambria Freeman.

J. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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VOLUME 5. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1871. NUMBER 26.

New Advertisements.

CAMBRIA ACADEMY, ACADEMIA, PA.

The 20th School-year begins September 6th. Location healthful, attractive and well adapted to physical development. Free from loafing shops and saloons, the influences are moral. More than 5,000 young men have here been prepared for College or business. Apply for terms to

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FOR SALE.—200 acres superior WHITE OAK TIMBER land, near Lock Haven, Pa. 5,000 acres HEMLOCK TIMBER land, Potter Co., Pa. P. SHAFER, Geologist & Eng'r, Pottsville, Pa.

ROOT BEER, This wholesome, agreeable and refreshing summer beverage can be easily made at about **5 cents per gallon,** with HIRSBACH & MILLER'S Genuine Root Beer Extract. Ask for it at your store, or send 25 cents for a vial and directions to 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED for the TRANSMISSION OF LIFE. LECTURES ON THE NATURE AND HYGIENE OF THE MASCULINE FUNCTION. By DR. NAPHEYS, Author of "The Physical Life of Woman." It reaches to the whole sex; is full of new facts; delicate but outspoken; practical and popular; highly endorsed; sells rapidly. Sold by subscription only. Exclusive territory. Terms liberal. Price $2. Address for contents, etc., J. C. FERGUS & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

AGENTS! READ THIS! WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY OF $30 PER WEEK and Expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

1,000 GIFTS. GRAND GIFT CONCERT and Distribution for the Benefit of the Cleveland Asylum of the Sisters of Charity of the City of New York, and SOLDIERS' and SAILORS' ORPHANS' HOME, Washington, D. C., to be held at Washington, D. C., under and by virtue of a permit from Hon. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, on THURSDAY, JULY 27th, 1871. At the Concert, the Commissioners will report to the successful ticket-holders.

1,003 GIFTS AMOUNTING TO $200,000. Whole Tickets only will be sold, at $5 each. Address H. McCULLOUGH, of Elkton, Md., Major JOHN T. CASTLE, Baltimore, Md., Commissioners. Hon. JAS. S. NEGLEY, M. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., Manager.

REFERENCES: Major-Gen. D. Hunter, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.; Hon. Jas. S. Negley, Pittsburgh, Pa.; First National Bank, Hagerstown, Md.; Applemann & Co., Bankers, Hagerstown; Wright & Sons, Hagerstown; Hon. R. J. Brent, Attorney-General, Baltimore; C. F. Hoff, Esq., 251 P. O. Ave., Baltimore; John H. Hall, Esq.; W. H. Myers, of W. H. Myers & Co., Proprietors, Baltimore.

Deeds of the Real Estate, certified to by the Trustee, and circulars can be had of **P. C. HALES,** Gen'l Agent, Stationer and Printer, 27 Nassau Street, New York. Tickets sent C. O. D. if desired. Send for Circular, containing description of prizes. Tickets for sale also by RILEY & SARGENT, at their News Stands, Philadelphia, Harrisburgh, Pittsburgh, &c., and at all of Penna. Railroad and connections.

Newspaper Advertising.

A Book of 125 closely printed pages, lately issued, contains a list of the best American Advertising Medium, giving the names, circulation and full particulars concerning the leading Daily and Weekly Political and Family Newspapers, together with all those having large circulations established in the interest of Religion, Agriculture, Literature, &c. Every Advertiser, and every person who contemplates becoming such, will find this book of great value, and will be sent free to any address on receipt of Fifty Cents. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Publishers, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

The Pittsburgh Dispatch, in its issue of Sunday, May 28th, says: "The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co. is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business **scientifically** and **systematically** and in such a way that is, to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

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SWANEY & FEIGHNER,
Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa.
Feb. 25-6m.

JAMES F. MILLIKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

Special attention given to the collection of claims in Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon, Bedford, Centre and Clearfield counties.

Parties wishing to purchase, rent, lease, sell or exchange real estate will find it greatly to their interests to call on or address me.

☞ Correspondence in either English or German solicited.

REFERENCES—Wm. Mann, Esq., Messrs. Morgan, Bush & Co., Gen'l C. H. T. Collis, Philadelphia; Messrs. J. T. Way & Bro., W. M. Gormley, Esq., H. B. Swoope, Esq., Pittsburg; Hon. John Scott, Huntingdon; Hon. S. S. Blair, Hollidaysburg; Hon. B. F. Rose, Altoona; D. W. Woods, Esq., Lewistown; Cyrus Elder, Esq., Johns ow; Wm. P. Wilson, Esq., Bellefonte. [1-12-1y.]

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—OF—
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Office in Colonnade Row.

Several parties wish to secure Houses in Ebensburg at fair rents.

Houses and Lots are for rent on fair terms. Give us a description and price of what you have for rent.

Let us know what kind of a House or House and Lot you wish to secure as a tenant.

Have you *REAL or PERSONAL PROPERTY* you wish to sell, or do you wish to buy?

COME AND SEE US AT ONCE!

☞ Our terms are reasonable for all services relative to above matters. See "Real Estate Gazette."

GEO. W. OATMAN & CO.
Ebensburg, Feb. 4, 1871.-tf.

GEO. W. OATMAN & CO., ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. The collection of notes and bills, whether due or past due, will receive prompt attention.

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STANDARD LUBRICATING PLUMBAGO,
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For Light and Heavy Machinery,
COAL AND RAILWAY CARS!
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.
NO. 99 WATER STREET,
[7-1.-3m.] **PITTSBURGH, PA.**

EBENSBURG
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J. A. SHOEMAKER,
Manufacturer, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
THRESHING MACHINES,
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OF EVERY DESIGN AND PRICE;
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KETTLES, AND CAST HOLLOW WARE
of every description, &c., &c.
ALL WORK WARRANTED!!
☞ Special attention paid to the repairing of all kinds of Stoves, Farming Utensils, &c.
All orders promptly attended to. Old metal, grain, etc., taken in exchange for work.
Ebensburg, July 1, 1871.-3m.

ESTABLISHED 1833.
LANE BRO'S,
SUCCESSORS TO B. WOLFF, JR., & CO.,
Cor. Liberty and Sixth Sts.,
(Late St. Clair Street.)
PITTSBURGH, PA.,
Importers and Dealers in
HARDWARE
AND
CUTLERY,
Have now in Store the largest and best selected stock offered in the City.
Special Inducements offered to the Country Trade. [apr.8.-6m.]

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers at private sale, on fair terms and at a great bargain, his fine FARM in Allegheny township, some four miles north of Loretto, on roads leading to Ebensburg, Carrolltown and Chest Springs. Said FARM contains about **70 Acres,** some 10 Acres of which are well covered with pine and other timber, for the manufacture of which there is a Saw Mill within a few hundred yards of the Farm. The improvements consist of a two story weatherboarded, well conditioned *Plank House,* 18x28, a good *Bank Barn,* 16x48, and other necessary outbuildings. There is an abundance of excellent water on the premises, and the land is well tilled. PETER SMELTZER.
Allegheny Twp., July 20, 1871.-3t.*

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

MARY BURKHART, by her next friend. MICHAEL SLONACKER, vs. PHILIP BURKHART, } No. 6, December Term, 1871. *Subpœna in Divorce.*

And now, to wit, 5th June, 1871, on motion of C. M. Reade, Esq., T. W. Dick appointed Commissioner to take and report the testimony in the case to the Court.

Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on **Friday, 18th** day of **August** next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at which time and place those interested may attend if they think proper. T. W. DICK, Commissioner.
Ebensburg, July 20, 1871.-4t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE!—Whereas, on the 15th day of July, instant, JOHN J. GLASS, of the Township of Allegheny, in the County of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, did make a voluntary assignment for the benefit of his creditors, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to the undersigned, residing in the Borough of Ebensburg, of all the lands, stock, rights and credits, goods and chattels of him, the said JOHN J. GLASS, in the business of farming, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to make payment without delay, and those having claims are requested to present their demands within the time required by law.
H. KINKEAD, *Assignee.*
Ebensburg, July 20, 1871.-3t.

CAUTION.—Notice is hereby given to all persons not to trust my son, JAMES D. WILTS, either on his own or my account, as I shall not pay any debts he may contract, he being under age and having left home without just cause. I would also notify any person, male or female, who may employ the said James Wilts, that I shall require all wages earned by him to be paid to me forthwith.
THOMAS WILTS.
Clearfield Twp., July 20, 1871.-3t.*

TEACHERS WANTED—The Board of Directors of Millville School District wish to employ EIGHT TEACHERS to take charge of the Schools of the District for a term of *nine months.* Salaries range from $35 to $50 per month. An examination of teachers will be held on the 22d day of August, in Room No. 4, Union Street School, Minersville. Schools will open August 28th. A. M. GREGG, Pres't.
P. HOGAN, Sec'y. [July 20, 1871.-3t.]

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

The Poet's Department.

Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.

A NEW VERSION.

Over the hill to the poorhouse, my wife and children dear,
We march in sad procession from out the farm-house here;
And all these broad green acres I've tilled as boy and man,
Are sold to the heartless stranger, beneath the sheriff's ban.

Many a good year's livin' they've yielded us and ours,
When mine was a full day's walkin' through wheat and corn and flow'rs;
For I was freehold owner as far as the eye could see,
And never a note nor mortgage on what belonged to me.

And then to think I'd fool it, in these my gray-haired days!
And then to think I'd follow in strange, new-fangled ways!
It seemed my brain was turnin' when Greeley's book came out,
And What he Knew of Farmin' first tempted me to doubt.

I thought experience lyin', and took from one my art
Who says all men are "liars," like David, in his heart;
And what with sub-soil plowin', and drainage far and wide,
My land looked like an earthquake had just broke out and dried.

And what with buildin' pigpens that cost as much as silk,
And feedin' cows on butter to raise fresh buttermilk;
And keepin' "rust" from wheat crops by sprinkled oil's control,
And plantin' sticks with broom corn, to make the brooms grow whole—

Many a thousand dollars were worse than thrown away,
And many another thousand I had in debts to pay;
But gooseberries dead broke me, when I to raise them tried
By buryin'—as the book said—my geese all side by side.

And then behold the sheriff to levy on it all,
When note on note, and mortgage, began like leaves to fall;
Our very beds and beddin' he seized upon and took,
And the only thing he wouldn't take was Mr. Greeley's book.

Over the hill to the poorhouse we wend our weary way,
And never may Mr. Greeley be as sad as we to-day—
Nor even in the moment when, givin' up the ghost,
He forces one last whisper, to "d—n" the Boston *Post.* ORPHEUS C. KERR.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

THE UNSEEN MONSTER.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

Some three or four years ago, I was journeying from New York to Baltimore. The train, as is very often the case, missed the connection at Philadelphia; and I was obliged to wait in the latter city till ten o'clock at night. Having several hours before me, I resolved to take my stay at the La Pierre House, satisfied, at all events, that at that hotel I should get a good dinner to console me in some measure for the disappointment of not reaching home as early as I expected.

The dinner hour was five o'clock. In the meantime, being much in want of rest, I went to bed, and was awakened by the sounding of the gong, which informed me that the meal was served. Making a hasty toilet, I descended to the dining-room, and was soon engaged in satisfying the inner man.

After dinner I adjourned to the smoking room, and while indulging in a fragrant Havanna, amused myself by perusing the various newspapers which were lying on the tables. I might have been engaged in this way two hours, when I suddenly felt a twinge of facial neuralgia. I had been a martyr to this malady many years, although the intervals were much longer between the attacks than at first. The best remedy I had discovered for it was a teaspoonfull of a preparation known in the Pharmacopœia as Hoffman's Anodyne. It was harmless, and generally very efficacious. I determined at once to apply to the nearest druggist I could discover for my usual medicine.

I left the hotel, and entered a chemist's shop in Chestnut street, and made known my request, at the same time stating for what purpose I used the medicine. The druggist then stated that he had a preparation which I would find much more efficacious than Hoffman's Anodyne, and which would give me instantaneous relief. After he had assured me that this preparation contained no opium (to which I have a great horror), I consented to take it.—He then measured a teaspoonful of a dark colored liquid into a wine glass and filled it with water. When he presented the draught to me, I noticed that it was as green as grass. I swallowed it, and found it warm, pungent and of a bitterish-sweet taste. Its effects were almost miraculous, for I had scarcely swallowed it before my pain entirely departed.

I thanked the druggist, and left the shop. I looked at my watch, and found that it was exactly eight o'clock. The reader will be pleased to remember this fact, for he will find, by-and-by, that it is a very important one. I felt so well, that I determined that I would explore the city for an hour or two.

I strolled out into the street, and soon became bewildered in a maze of thoroughfares. I knew nothing of Philadelphia, and it was not long before I lost myself. However, I continued to walk up one street and down another, and a sort of pride prevented me from asking my way. At last I found I was in the outskirts of the city. I remember distinctly seeing a river through an opening in the houses. It was a cool, pleasant night, and I rather enjoyed being out of the noise and bustle of the great town, and I strolled on until I had left every house behind me. I have a distinct recollection of examining the country around me. It was very peculiar—such as I had never seen before. There was no moon, and I had nothing but the stars to guide me; these, however, shone very brilliantly.

I found I was standing on a kind of heath or moor. I had wandered so far that the lights of the city were entirely invisible; and yet, according to my computation of time, it did not appear to have been more than a quarter of an hour since I left the hotel.

A peculiar feeling gradually crept over me; it was not fear or terror, but a kind of superstitious awe, with which I vainly endeavored to combat. I seemed to be under the influence of some invisible power. I felt inclined to return to the city, but something superior to my will made me advance. I continued to press forward. For a short time there was kind of a struggle between my own inclination and the unseen power; my feet were pushed forward, not in a walk, but it appeared as if I were skimming along the surface of the ground. I soon saw that it was useless to contend further, and resigned myself to my fate. Then my progress became more rapid, and hedges and trees flitted by me as if *they* were moving and *I* was stationary.

I do not know how long this continued, for my mind was so bewildered that I had no means of computing time. Suddenly I found myself in front of a large white house. This mansion was entirely isolated. It was a huge building of a peculiar kind of architecture, such as I had never seen before. It consisted of innumerable gables and many painted towers; the windows were very small, and the upper ones appeared to be securely barred.

While I was gazing on the dwelling, I suddenly heard a loud shriek. One of the lower casements was quickly opened, a stream of light issued from it, and almost immediately afterwards the head of a beautiful girl appeared in the open window. Her countenance expressed the greatest alarm, and in a voice of almost supernatural anguish, she cried out, "Help! help! help!"

In a moment I had rushed to the window, and in another moment I was in the apartment by the side of the fair girl. It was a magnificently furnished room, and a large chandelier shed a flood of light through the whole apartment. With the exception of the beautiful creature before me the room was unoccupied. I had just time to notice the extraordinary beauty of this lady. She could not have seen more than twenty summers. Her hair was a glossy auburn, and fell in natural ringlets on neck and shoulders as white as the driven snow. Her form was modelled in the most graceful and charming manner. Her eyes, which in repose I should imagine were a heavenly blue, were lighted up with intense fear.

The moment I entered the room she seized me by the hand, and, pointing to a corner of the room, exclaimed, in accents of terror, "Oh, save me! save me from that monster!"

I looked in the direction she pointed; *the space was empty.* I thought I was dreaming. I rubbed my eyes, and gazed first at the girl before me and then at the empty corner. The young lady's fear was too natural to be simulated. Then the idea struck me that this unfortunate girl was a lunatic; and I proceeded to address some consoling words to her.

She appeared to pay no heed to my words, but kept shrinking further back, dragging me with her.

"Save me!" she ejaculated; "he comes! he comes! See! he is creeping along the floor! Oh, heavens! he will murder me, and you stand calmly by, and will not help me! He comes! he comes!"

She now retreated to the furthest extremity of the chamber, and pointed with her finger to the floor. There was nothing to be seen; and, yet, strange to say, I heard a strange rustling, as if some one were dragging himself slowly along the floor.

"I see no one!" I exclaimed in a hoarse whisper.

"There—there he is! Do you not see his large, bony hands? Look! look! Protect me from him! Save me!"

Her countenance now expressed such mortal agony, that it presented a horrible spectacle. She continued to gaze on the invisible monster, as if fascinated. Suddenly I felt her shiver in my grasp; her throat all at once appeared to be constricted, her eyes protruded, and she uttered a fearful groan. I placed my hand on her neck; and oh, horrors of horrors! I could feel a long, bony hand encircling it; and yet, when I gazed there, I could see nothing. I could distinctly trace the fingers of this hand, the knuckles and even the nails.

I felt that I was losing my senses; the poor girl before me was evidently expiring. A sudden resolution seized me; I threw myself in the empty space where I supposed the fearful thing might be, and although nothing was visible to my sight my arms were clasped around some material body. It was soft and yielding to the touch, and struggled in my grasp. To my joy, I discovered that the attack had caused the monster to release his hold on the poor girl's neck. She uttered a cry of joy and rushed out of the apartment.

A fearful struggle now ensued between me and my invisible enemy; his long, bony arms encircled me and pressed me with prodigous strength. But I also appeared to be endowed with supernatural power, and by some means I got hold of something which felt like hair—it was crisp and wiry. I pulled it with all my might; an unearthly kind of sound, bearing some resemblance to a groan, issued from the monster's chest. He writhed and struggled with renewed energy in my grasp, and dragged me about the room as if I were a child. It struck me at the time that he wanted to bring me over some particular spot in the floor. He soon accomplished his purpose, when, to my horror, I felt the floor give way, and I began to sink down, down into an unfathomable abyss. The creature had relaxed his hold, and I knew I was sinking alone.

I do not know how long this descent continued, for I became unconscious.—When I regained my senses, I found myself on the damp ground. I rose to my feet and gazed round me. I found I was in a stone cavern, which was lighted by a lamp hanging from the ceiling. At one end of this cell was placed a flight of steps, which led up to an iron door. I ascended these steps, and tried the door; it was fastened and as firm as a rock. The lamp suspended from the ceiling alowed sufficient light to illuminate the cell, so that I could trace the form of the stones of which it was built. They were large and rough, bearing in some places the marks of inscriptions, but too much obliterated to be read. There was one thing particularly that struck me, and that was the dampness of the place; it chilled my very blood. Not only was the floor damp, but the walls were reeking with moisture, large drops of unwholesome exhalations coursing each other down the discolored blocks of stone.

I sat down on the only chair the cell contained and mused upon my condition. What was to become of me? Was I to perish there, or was I to be kept in perpetual confinement? What motive could there be for taking my life? How had I offended? Such were the questions I asked myself over and over again as I sat in that dark, dismal prison. A feeling of some great, unknown terror was fast settling in my breast, which surpassed that I had lately undergone. At last I rose up, and began to pace up and down the slimy bricks of which my dungeon floor was composed.

It was a strange anomaly, that with some unknown fate hanging over my head, I should begin to feel drowsy: but such was the fact. I threw myself in the chair again, leaned back, and actually slept. In the black solitude of that dungeon, a delightful dream visited my troubled mind. I was with my wife, and we were gazing on a beautiful expanse of water together, the waves rippling to our very feet. The rays of the morning sun illumined the placid surface of the lake, and the air was musical with the songs of birds. I could see her loving face turned towards me, every feature beaming with joy, happiness and affection. I thought we advanced closer to the lake—nay, so close that our feet actually touched the water; while the ripples grew more and more distinct. It was no dream—my feet did touch the water; I felt it distinctly, and I could hear the rushing sound made by the waves; a child seized me, and I awoke. But, strange to say, the rushing sound still continued. The lamp had gone out, and I was in the most complete darkness. I rose from my seat, and my feet went splash, splash, into water. I stooped down, and found that the floor of my cell was covered to the depth of something like eight or ten inches with water.

The drip, drip of the water still continued. What could it mean? Even a suspicion of the truth did not enter my mind. It was some water-pipe that had burst, and the fact would soon be discovered by the inmates of the house, and remedied. Such was my first thought at that dread moment.

The dripping had changed into a rushing sound; the water was evidently pouring in faster. It had already reached above my knees, and I felt it ascending still higher and higher. Now it had reached my waist, and I had great difficulty in wading it. Suddenly the truth burst on my mind. *I was to be drowned.* Yes, that was to be my fate. I uttered one cry of despair, and struggled to and fro in the mass of fluid, which still kept rising.

The water had already reached my chest when I thought of the steps, and endeavored to reach them. I struggled about some time without success, the water all the time gaining upon me. I grew chilled and cold, but at last reached the steps, and, ascending them, was for the time being removed from above the surface of the water. But it was only prolonging my fate; for the rushing sound of the water became so loud as to drown everything else, and I felt the cold fluid again invading my limbs as I stood on the top step. I beat against the door, then cried out at the top of my voice; but still the water rose higher; again had it reached my waist! I renewed my cries; but they only echoed back to me from my prison house.

The water reached my neck. I grew dizzy; strange sounds rushed through my head; I felt that I was suffocating; sparks of fire danced before my eyes. I commended my soul to my Maker, and breathed a last prayer for my wife. The water now beat against my mouth. I fell heavily against the door. This fall saved me from drowning; for, strange to say, my hand came in contact with some secret spring and the door flew open, revealing a short flight of stone steps. I was about ascending these, when I received a blow on the head from some unseen source, which deprived me of my senses.

How long I remained unconscious, I know not; but when I came to myself, I felt the cold air blowing on my face, and casting my eyes about me, I saw the stars shining overhead. What was my extreme surprise to find myself in Walnut street, not a stone's throw from my hotel. I was seated on an empty box, with my feet in a pool of water, and hundreds of persons were passing up and down the street. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses. I jumped up from my seat, and rushed to the hotel. The omnibus for conveying passengers to the railway station was already at the door. I entered the hall of the building.

"Do you want to go to Baltimore by the ten o'clock train?" asked the clerk, the moment he saw me.

"I did want to go, but I am too late," I replied, shuddering when I thought of what had detained me.

"Oh, no, sir," returned the clerk; "the omnibus leaves in ten minutes."

"In ten minutes?" I repeated, still quite bewildered.

"Yes sir."

I looked at my watch, and found that it was only half past nine. Then I had only left the hotel an hour and a half!

I went to Baltimore, but so impressed was I with the fearful adventure I had met with, that I returned next day to Philadelphia, and for a whole week explored the city in every part. But after the most minute research, I could discover nothing at all corresponding to the locality I had visited on that fearful night. There was no suburb, or house, or anything like that which I had seen, to be found.

For a long time I kept my adventure to myself. At last I summoned up courage enough to mention the affair. My statement has been received with utter incredulity by all who have heard it.—Some of my friends pretend to say that I dreamt it all; others gently hint that I had imbibed too much wine. I have at last determined to make the matter public, and will leave my readers to draw what inference they please. I must distinctly state, however, that the supposition of my friends are erroneous. I neither dreamt it, nor did I drink too much wine. Can it be possible that beings inhabit the world which are palpable to all the senses excepting sight? It is an interesting question for the philosopher to study; and yet there is one thing I cannot understand—how it was that the young lady saw the fearful thing and I did not? I am weary of conjecture over the matter, and must leave the enigma for better heads than mine to solve.

* * * * * * *

A day or two ago, since the above was written, I was reading a paper, read before the Academy of Medicine in Paris, on the effects of drugs on imagination. The statement made by the author of the paper (M. Piorri), recalled to my mind a circumstance in connection with the foregoing statement which had escaped my notice—namely, that previous to experiencing the fearful adventure I have described, I had taken something for facial neuralgia. I was in Philadelphia yesterday, and had the curiosity to inquire at the drug-store the name of the drug the apothecary had given me for the neuralgia. He informed me that it was the tincture of Cannabis Indicus, or what is more generally known by the name of "Hasheesh." This drug, it is known, has a most extraordinary effect on the brain. I need only refer the reader to the details given by Bayard Taylor as a proof of my statement. I am now inclined to think that the whole I went through was simply a hallucination, produced by the Cannabis Indicus.

MICHAEL HENLY, residing near Reinhold's station, on the Reading and Columbia Railroad, is at present the possessor of two natural curiosities, the one being an egg which an ordinary barnyard hen laid, having the perfect shape of a pear, oval base, long neck tapering to the end and terminating in a crooked stem. The other consists of a brace of apples, two inches in diameter, that have grown upon a twig which was this year produced upon the trunk of a ten year old apple tree, which, though of considerable size, had never before borne fruit. The twig is about three inches in length and is immediately at the base of the first projecting limbs which form the crown of the tree. Late in the season, after fruit had formed on all the other trees, the twig bore four blossoms, two of which developed into the present fine specimens of fruit.

"TAKE THE PIL."—A gentleman of the old school thus describes the rendering of a well-known hymn by a modern fashionable choir: Firstly, the soprano, in a soaring leap, sings, "Take the pil"——followed by the alto and tenor in duet with like advice (while the soprano is magnificently holding on to the "pil,"), and as the deep bass profoundly echoes the same, "Take the pil"—— they finally unite and repeat together, eventually succeeding in singing "Take the pilgrim to his home," etc, greatly to the relief of both minister and people, who seem alike awfully impressed with the suggestive advice so emphatically reiterated.

The Hen Scratches Where She Expects to Find a Bug.

Fellow sisters, brethren; men, women and children, generally and particularly speaking. You needn't hustle any pages for the text, for it ain't there. It is a special dispensation to your appointed pastor; and he hurls it at you for what it is worth. Where the hen scratches there she expects to find a bug. Did you come from the race track of the world to parade your "trotting harness" before the meek and lowly. Have you dropped the dazzling rattles of business and pleasure, to while an idle hour away listening to the mournful melody that is wrung by angel hands from the sacred harps that hang forgotten upon the drooping willows of mortality? Or are you tussling with the arch enemy for the almighty dollar? Verily I say unto you, where the hen scratches there she expects to find a bug.

My drowsy hearers, we are a lot of damaged goods, trying to palm ourselves off upon each other for more than our market value; and the old firm of Time, Death & Co., is doing a heavy commission business upon our stock in trade.—I hear the mallet of Death, with its mechanical tap, tap, and stolid monotone of "going, going," and the next minute down it will come upon some of our unconscious heads, and we shall be folded up like tents of the Arabs, and be as silently borne away to the other side of Jordan where the dry goods man refrains from troubling, and the grocer has nothing to say, and the weary hen ceases from scratching, and the precious bug is found. In the midst of life we are in debt, says a noble prophet who was near kin to your beloved pastor. If any of you are tempted to tarry in the tavern of life, and fail to settle your account with the landlord, may the text rise up before you like a fabulous Arabian hero, only to rest from the rough and tumble giant, and deter you from that sink of utter depravity where bummers lead trustful hens to scratch up the bugs they devour.

Your undivided attention is furthermore solicited to the signification of the text, metaphorically and collectively, in small packages to suit the capacity, from the boy shucking peanuts peacefully in the corner, to the hardened sinner who talks so proudly in your pastor's presence. And woe unto you, young women, sea-sawing up the broad aisle with your new bonnet and streamers a flyin', for your fancy neck-cloths, go on until you slip up over a bale of cotton and are left to drift away over the broad brimstone sea of national disgrace a byword and jest that you love not wisely but too well.—No, beloved, I warn you now, if you manifest symptoms of such cowardice as has been handed down to you from high places, the biggest pair of stogy boots in this congregation will raise up in judgment against you and kick you out into the broad road that leads to everlasting ruin.

And finally, when you cut the crust from your brown bread loaf, and scrape the hard beans from the top of your noon-tide pot, if you cut a little below the crisp for the beggar's and outcast's portion, your conscience and digestion will trouble you less; and as you steal out, as some of you will to-night, where the silver moon of memory hangs over the haunted hills of the past, and bow at some finger post that points the way a beloved one went over your broken heart to heaven, may the eternal verdure of the evergreen hope spring up in the barren spots trod hard by the busy feet of the absorbing *now,* and bring you to the sweetness of that peace and the tenderness of that love that overflows continually in deeds and words, for the elevation of the rag-a-muffins who march in the rear ranks of the great army of humanity; for the barbarians are not all in ragged file, but "many a gem of purest ray serene" wants but a lifting from the filth to shine. So mote it be. Brother Slowfast, circulate the platter for the root of evil, until it is all rooted out of this place. For verily I say unto you, the hen that scratches here expects to find a bug. Shell out.

A PUBLIC HOUSE KEEPER of questionable honesty went to a lawyer to consult him about commencing an action of defamation against a fellow townsman.—"The scoundrel," said he, "has robbed me of my character." "Ah, has he? Are you sure of that fact?" inquired the blue-bag gentleman, quickly, and in a sarcastic tone. "If so, for heaven's sake, let him go; for it's the luckiest thing that ever happened to you!" The fellow sneaked out of the office like a puppy when a foot is raised against him.

AT a Sunday school in Ripon, a teacher asked a little boy if he knew what the expression "sowing tares" meant. "Courth I does," said he pulling the seat of his little trowsers round in front. "There's a tare my ma sewed: I tared it sliding down the hill."

HERE is something to occupy the attention of children to-morrow: If three hungry cats catch three savage rats in three mortal minutes—how many cats will catch a hundred rats in a hundred minutes?

A MINNESOTA juror addressed a note to the judge, in which he styled him as "Onarable jug."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

THURSDAY MORNING, : : AUG. 3, 1871.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

STATE.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:

GENERAL WILLIAM M'CANDLESS,
Of Philadelphia.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL:

CAPTAIN JAMES H. COOPER,
Of Lawrence County.

DISTRICT.

FOR STATE SENATOR:

R. L. JOHNSTON, ESQ., Ebensburg.

[Subject to the action of the District Conference.]

COUNTY.

Assembly—W. HORACE ROSE, Johnstown.
Prothonotary—J. K. HITE, Ebensburg.
Assoc'te Judges { JNO. FLANAGAN, Johnst'n. / R. J. LLOYD, Ebensburg.
District Attorney—W. H. SECHLER, Ebensb'g.
Treasurer—JOHN COX, Conemaugh Borough.
Commissioner—W. D. M'CLELLAND, Johnst'n.
P. H. Direc'r—JAS. FARREN, Washington Tp.
Auditor—W. A. B. LITTLE, Allegheny Twp.

Three Months for Forty Cents.

In clubs of ten or more, sent to one address, we will furnish the FREEMAN for THREE MONTHS FOR FORTY CENTS PER COPY, if the names and the cash are sent in before Sept. 1st. Now is the time to get up clubs for the campaign. Any person can raise at least a club of ten at fifty cents each and reserve $1 for his trouble.

THERE is not a democrat in the country who will not regret to learn that Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, has expressed his determination to retire from public life at the expiration of the next session of Congress. Mr. Voorhees is a man of brilliant intellect, of unmatched eloquence, and is eminently national in all his views of great public questions. His constituents have manfully adhered to him during his long and honorable career in Congress, and have borne him up with their strong arms against as powerful combinations as were ever organized to break down and destroy any public man in the democratic party. As they have been true to him, so has he always been true to them and to the principles of the great party of which he is so consistent and conspicuous a member.

THUS to its vocation, the last Johnstown *Tribune* publishes an editorial article, abounding in falsehood and scurrility, in reference to the late democratic county convention. Our first impulse was to reply to it in the manner it so richly deserves, but on more mature reflection we have concluded, wisely we think, to treat it with supreme contempt. The editor is evidently desirous of a newspaper controversy and a little cheap notoriety that he might possibly derive from it. Anxious and always ready as we hold ourselves to be to minister to his overweening vanity in any reasonable way, we cannot think, just at the commencement of the dog days, of prostituting the columns of the *Freeman* to any such ignoble purpose. In former political campaigns, the democratic party of Cambria county has survived the abuse of the *Tribune*, and if it cannot live after the present one it is weak and impotent and deserves to die.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER is a candidate for the radical nomination for Governor of Massachusetts. Unlike other aspirants who are ambitious for the same honor, he could not wait for the action of the convention, but with his accustomed impudence has written and published a bold and self-laudatory letter modestly avowing his own preference for himself. This is in admirable keeping with Butler's entire political career. Outside of his own congressional stamping ground, the radical press of the State, while it cordially detests, yet fears him, stubbornly refuses to recognize the fact that he is a proper person to fill the executive chair of that puritanical commonwealth. As a consequence, Butler is literally undergoing a political crucifixion at the hands of the respectable portion of the republican editors of the Bay State. One of the most prominent of them, with a keen perception of the use of language, thus mercilessly impales the hero of Fort Fisher and the Dutch Gap canal:

"Because the Fifth Congressional District has got him, like the small-pox, that is no reason why he should be spread all over Massachusetts."

IT is a rule of political action with most radical editors, that the end to be accomplished justifies the use of the most disreputable means in attaining it. No man who imperiled his life in the late war against secession has a brighter or more honorable military record than Gen. M'Candless. His private character is beyond reproach. But he is the democratic candidate for a high and responsible public office, and therefore all the flood gates of radical detraction have been raised and a perfect torrent of personal abuse has been let loose against him. Even forgery has been resorted to, and language in reference to Gen. M'Candless has been attributed to the West Chester *Jeffersonian*, a democratic journal, which that paper never uttered. This stupid and malicious invention, having had a free circulation through the radical press, found its way last week into an editorial article in the Hollidaysburg *Register*, a paper widely notorious for its scurrilous and libelous assaults upon democratic candidates. The editor of that paper said:

"The West Chester Jeffersonian is using some forcible language towards the late Democratic convention and the candidates it put in nomination. It says the men who set up the 'new departure' at Harrisburg were nothing but 'political prostitutes,' and that General McCandless is a 'vile, debauched trickster, governed by the most selfish and sordid motives.'"

We happen to exchange with the *Jeffersonian*, and knew when this mendacious charge was first made that it was utterly without foundation. While the editor of the *Jeffersonian* dissents from the adoption of the *ninth* resolution by the State Convention, he is a steadfast advocate of the election of Gen. McCandless. The only thing that surprised us was how the editor of the Hollidaysburg *Register* managed to keep the contemptible but coveted lie so long out of his columns. The *Jeffersonian*, in a late issue, disposes of this weak invention of the enemy as follows:

"The *Village Record*, of Tuesday last, charges us with saying 'that Gen. McCandless is a vile, debauched trickster, governed by the most selfish and sordid motives.'—Now this sentence which we have seen copied into a number of radical papers, is a mere fabrication of the *American Republican's*. We never made use of such language toward Gen. McCandless, and we are surprised that Evans should publish the above, knowing as he does the source from which it came. Will he be honorable enough to give this, our denial, as conspicuous a place in his columns as he did the false charge?—We'll see."

If the editor of the *Register* is the gentleman we take him to be, he will see the urgent propriety of at once withdrawing his reckless imputation against the *Jeffersonian* in language as positive as that in which the charge was made. In this particular he cannot *Over*-do it, as he did in promulgating the falsehood.

Counting Out Candidates.

Col. A. K. M'Clure, by far the shrewdest republican politician in this State, has been "interviewed" on a recent occasion by a correspondent of the New York *Herald*. In the published report of the conversation we find this among other interesting items:

"Q.—Could the Democrats carry the city of Philadelphia, Colonel?"

"A.—They have the votes to do it if they could only get them counted, but you see the election machinery is in the hands of the Republicans, and they count the Democratic votes or not, just as they please."

In this answer to the question asked, Col. M'Clure fully corroborates what has been so frequently asserted by *The Age* and other democratic papers in Philadelphia during the last two years. The perpetration of election frauds in that city under the manipulation of William B. Mann and his radical associates, has been reduced to so perfect a system that the true voice of the ballot box has been suppressed and the judgment of the people set aside. This was notoriously the case at the last October election when Mr. Price, the democratic candidate for judge of one of the courts, was *counted out* and the certificate of election given to Lynde, his radical opponent. One of the scoundrels (Brill) who was an active agent in this iniquitous business, was prosecuted, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years, but was pardoned by Geary last May at the instance of the leaders of the Philadelphia ring. The democratic majority in the Senate during the last Legislature, in order to compel a fair count of the vote, passed a bill requiring the ballot-boxes to be opened and the vote counted in the presence of the judges of the court of common pleas of the city, but the leaders of the radical ring, knowing that if this bill became a law, Othello's occupation would be gone, literally swarmed at Harrisburg and had influence enough to secure its defeat by the radical majority in the House.

Two things are incomprehensible to us in Philadelphia politics. One of them is, how radical election officers can successfully *count out* a democratic candidate who has received a clear majority of the vote polled. In the rural districts, where fraud is the exception and honesty the rule, such a thing seldom if ever takes place. The other is, how it comes to pass that a political *drab* like Sam Josephs, of ten dollars extra pay infamy, can be nominated and elected to the Legislature nine or ten times in succession, in a strong, reliable *democratic* district. Thereby hangs a tale.

The two political parties in Philadelphia are nearly equally divided, and the result of the election in the State next fall may depend to a very great extent in procuring an honest and truthful response from the ballot-boxes in that city. The Democracy of Philadelphia have heretofore been forewarned—in the future let them be forearmed.

The Case Fairly Stated.

The following able and dispassionate article is taken from the *Catholic Telegraph*, published in Cincinnati. It has been attributed to the pen of Archbishop Purcell. Be that as it may, we are very certain that it fully reflects the views of all intelligent and thoughtful Catholics in reference to the late New York riots. Substantially the same sentiments have been expressed by the New York *Tablet* and Boston *Pilot*, both influential and ably edited Catholic organs. The views set forth are sound and well stated, and cannot fail to meet with general approbation:

"He who would condone the action of rioters because their victims happened to be his political or religious enemies, makes himself a participant in their crimes against society. A mob of any kind, organized for any purpose, raising its lawless arm in name of any cause, should be met, resisted, and crushed by the exercise of all the power necessary to enforce peace and vindicate the majesty of law. In recording the history of all such outrages, this principle of justice should never be forgotten or be in the least obscured by the interposition of national or religious prejudice.

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"It is the sworn duty of those to whose hands the government of society is confided, to teach those riotously inclined, by a swift, stern, and decisive method, that they are placing themselves in a criminal position; that law is established for the equal benefit of all; that it recognizes in its administration no class or creed; that it concedes to no portion of the community special favors and privileges to the injury or the restriction of the rights of another; that it will not risk the welfare of society, which it is bound at all costs to protect, by an ill timed effort at peaceable conciliation, when its worst enemy, a mob, is armed to bid it defiance. Any other course which civil authority may adopt on occasions of public disturbances, no matter what may be the motives that may influence it, is a cowardly betrayal of its high trust which may be followed by the most terrible disasters, for which it should be held strictly accountable.

"A false leniency, an undetermined stand on the part of the authorities, when the notes of resistance to law and of preparation to disturb the peace were sounding for weeks through the land, and finally an apparent submission to the will of outlaws, construed as an approval of their designs, had such a strong tendency to feed and spread the flames of hatred, that for their extinction was required the blood that was shed by the soldiery. * * * * * * *

"It might be said that Mayor Hall's prohibition of the parade, had it been sustained, would have been obeyed by the Orangemen—that the Governor should not have rescinded the order—that the Orangemen, feeling themselves subjects of oppression, could have obtained redress through the proper channels. True, if the veto on the procession had been enforced the streets would not have been stained with blood; but at a time when it is undecided whether the civil authority possesses the power of prohibiting the peaceful occupation of the streets by an organized body of men or not, the continuance of the prohibition would most probably have been productive of worse consequences to the whole country. It was generally believed at first that Mayor Hall shaped his conduct to please the mob, to whose voice he should not have listened. His order in that case would have established a dangerous precedent. It would have appeared to sanction mob law, of which in the future those animated with the same spirit would not fail to take advantage. But it is now known that he issued the order at the request of the Master of the Orange Lodges. As defenders of the supremacy of the civil law, hating and condemning any interference with its just sway and administration, we have no reason to complain that the order was countermanded. Whether Gov. Hoffman exceeded his authority we cannot say; but this much we can say, if his action was not legal it was certainly judicious. If he overstepped the bounds of his authority, his offence is one which, in the circumstances, all citizens except the rioters will easily forgive."

WHEN Horace Greeley returned from his extended Southern tour in early summer his first public speech was aimed against the carpet-baggers whom he found fattening through political frauds upon the Southern people. While his language was then sufficiently vigorous, it has grown more so since. He believes that the South should be governed by Southern men, that universal amnesty for political offenses would be as wise as just, and that while he admits the Kuklux exist, he thinks it would not, if the whole people of the late Confederacy were permitted to vote for their public officers as well as compelled to pay taxes. It appears that in regard to carpet-baggers, at least, Mr. Greeley is not alone in his opinions. The Galveston "Bulletin," a staunch Republican paper, says of the Republican carpet-bag Legislature of Texas, that it is "The most corrupt "body of men which ever assembled under "the sanction of the law to rob the people. "Its members have enriched themselves at "the expense of outrageous subsidies, and "now enjoy mansions, bank accounts, rail-"road stock, buggies, and other luxuries." The Kuklux policy is one utterly without excuse; but had the South subjugated the North, denied its people the ballot, while taxing them to support a government in which they had no voice in creating, sent Southerners to their Assemblies, put them in their custom houses, post offices and courts, is it not possible that human nature would assert itself here in pretty much the same fashion as it does there? Given certain circumstances, certain results follow.—*Phila. Inquirer*.

SIMON CAMERON'S journeyman "wiggle-wagger," who heads the Radical Committee of this State, in his late spumy address, claims that the Radical party have reduced the State debt from $10,000,000 in 1860 to $26,000,000 in 1871. The Harrisburg *Patriot* properly remarks, that "no credit attaches to that party for this reduction, inasmuch as the policy under which it has been accomplished was originated by the Democratic administration of Governor William F. Packer. The act establishing the Sinking Fund was a Democratic measure, and was adopted by a Democratic Legislature. Had the Radical party administered that law honestly and faithfully, indeed, had it not deliberately violated its provisions, the State debt, instead of being $29,000,000, would to-day be less than half that sum. During the last eleven years, from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars have been taken from the Sinking Fund, contrary to law, and applied, not to the reduction of the State debt, but to the payment of the current expenses of the State government." These facts puncture the wind-bag of Mr. Errett, and it falls to the ground to be trodden under foot by all honest, fair men. Whenever a statement is put forth showing that the Radicals have reduced debt or taxation, it is either a clear fraud or an artfully-manufactured piece of account keeping.—*The Age*.

THE Peoria *Review* of the 20th says: "Knoxville has been agog for the past few weeks over a romantic marriage, the particulars of which are as follows: Mr. Philander Williamson and Amelia Gardner were married in early life in Warren, Herkimer county, New York, and soon after moved to Albion, Michigan, where the bride, becoming home sick, lived with her husband only two years. At the end of that time her parents moved from Warren to Knoxville, Illinois, and Mrs. Williamson, loving her mother rather better than her husband, followed them, taking with her the child. The separation was acquiesced in by the husband, who soon after moved to California, married another wife, and in the course of time amassed considerable property. This was twenty years ago. Recently the second wife died, and the husband's heart warming towards the bride of his youth, he hastened as fast as the cars would carry him, back to Knoxville, and on July 15th this strangely-divided couple were re-engaged and re-married."

ONE of the greatest feats of modern railroad building was performed on Sunday week on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, which runs from Cincinnati to St. Louis. The road was originally constructed on a gauge of six feet between the rails, and it became necessary to reduce the gauge to four feet eight and one half perches, so as to accommodate the cars of connecting roads. The length of the line is three hundred and forty miles; and the problem was to take up both rails for this entire distance and relay them nearer each other. To facilitate the task the spikes for the inside of the two rails, as they would lie in their new position, were driven, and the holes for the outer spikes bored in advance. An army of men, two thousand five hundred in all (or seven to each mile) was then distributed along the track, and at sunrise they set to work. After seven hours of incessant labor the job was accomplished, and at four o'clock the next morning trains were running over the road.

A WONDERFUL RIDE.—On Tuesday morning last, on the arrival of the Night Express, a horse with buggy, belonging to M'Fadden's livery stable in Brady's Bend was tied back of the depot. The whistle of the locomotive frightened the animal, and breaking the strap, it ran forward across the track and in front of the engine. Horse and buggy were caught by the cow-catcher, and strange to say, were carried nearly half a mile, the horse escaping without a scratch, while the hind wheels of the buggy were broken but very little. It was a remarkable incident, as well as a most remarkable escape.—*East Brady Independant*.

Another Fearful Holocaust.

Explosion of a Steamboat Boiler—Terrible Results—Fifty Persons Killed and Over One Hundred Injured.

NEW YORK, July 30.—As the Staten Island ferry boat Westfield was starting from her dock at the foot of Whitehall street, next the Battery, at 1:30 to-day with a heavy load, composed mainly of the usual class of Sunday excursionists, to the number of about 300, her boiler burst with a tremendous explosion, shattering the whole upper works of the boat into a thousand pieces, and laying open the whole forward forward part of the hull from the very keel. The spectacle on the ill-fated vessel subsequent to the explosion is beyond description. A great yawning abyss stretched from abaft the engine-room close to the stern, and the deck seemed to have opened, like a sepulchre, to swallow its load of precious human freight in the dark hold beneath. The dead and dying were lying about in every direction among the debris of broken timbers, splinters and heavy machinery. From amidships to the cutwater the boat presents a vast hold filled with fragments of spars, beams, flooring and bulwarks, and fragments of iron. How many bodies are still beneath the ruins in that fearful hold it is impossible as yet to tell, but they are being brought out every hour. Many persons, as in the case of Professor Cheneviere of Brooklyn, were blown bodily in the air, falling into the water. Some have been hauled out by boatmen with hooks and otherwise, and a large party is now engaged in dragging the bottom, constantly finding bodies. Men, women and children, still alive, are brought in, scorched, bruised and mutilated to such a degree that it seemed almost impossible that life could remain. Among the dead lay a man with the back of his head absolutely blown off, said by some to be a fireman. One man, John Meyer, the pilot, was thrown from the forward pilot-house twenty feet into the air, falling on the boat and escaping with a scratch. John Freeland was the Captain of the boat, and Harry Robinson Engineer. The boiler was inspected by John K. Matthews, United States Boiler Inspector, on June 15, and pronounced safe. Harry Robinson, engineer of the Westfield, states that he tried the cocks on the boiler a few minutes before the explosion, and found water at the upper cock. He states further, that at that time he looked at the steam guage and noticed that there was 27 lbs. of steam in her boiler. Also, that the steam was blowing off at the safety valve, showing that the boiler was carrying the full extent allowed by her certificate. He further states that the boiler was repaired last winter. The cause of explosion was probably the breaking of the joints of a plate, with which the boiler had been patched on the rear end.

Many people fell into the river, and being unable to help themselves, were drowned. Boiling water was scattered in all directions, scalding those who were unable to get out of its reach. The wind was blowing inward at the time, and forced water on that part of the boat near the deck, where the greater portion of the passengers had fled to. The bodies of the injured were taken to the Park Hospital, to the First Precinct Station-house, and to Bellevue. A large number were taken to the hospital in the Park, which was soon filled, and they were forced to send the remainder to Bellevue. The screams of the wounded at the hospital were heart-rending. The wounded were lying everywhere, some on beds, some on blankets, and others were walking around groaning, moaning and crying.

The boats of the revenue cutter Northerner did great service in rescuing persons from drowning. One of the firemen on the Westfield named Robert Crawson was in the fire room at the time of the explosion, and says that fifteen minutes before the accident he was on the cylinder wiping it off. He then went into one of the cabins for a drink of water, and thence into the fire room, where he heard a hissing noise preceeding from the rear boiler, and went to see the cause. He had gone but about half the length of the boiler when he found the steam so dense that he could proceed no further and turned to come back, when he was struck in the face by a flying splinter and knocked down. He made his way back to the deck as fast as possible. This hissing noise which Crawson heard must have been the starting of a plate patching of the boiler, and was the first premonition of the impending disaster.

In Bellevue hospital at midnight there were twenty-four bodies in coffins, and ten on slabs, all frightfully scalded, large patches of skin being torn off in many places.

The surgeons at the different hospitals say a majority of those in their charge will die. A crowd of people estimated at 15,000 is congregated around Bellevue Hospital, and a like crowd around the Park Hospital.

July 31—12 P. M.—The most reliable returns of the casualties by the explosion, give a total of fifty-seven dead, and of wounded one hundred and forty-two.

THE FAMINE IN PERSIA.—Special cable dispatches add but little to the information received of the dreadful famine in Persia. The drouth last year in the central and southern provinces, and the consequent partial failure of the crops, caused great destitution and misery all winter. At the same time the taxes were increased on the people of Laristan, which brought on famine, causing a number of people to leave their homes, and a consequent decrease of taxes to the Government. The new Government promised to raise not only the usual sum but still more, and the oppression drove the rest of the country people from their homes, and thronged the cities, which pay no taxes. The failure of the crops in Laristan was rendered more disastrous because the other provinces, which mostly raise opium, cotton and silk, depended on it for their grain. The results in Ispahan, Yezd, Kirman and Shiraz were terrible by the end of the winter. Before the new crop, the cities were crowded. The wheat at Kirman rose nine times its usual price, and starvation began. Yead raises opium, and as the people could buy no grain, they ate grass and roots. In Khorassana the people sold their children to Turcomans to save their lives, and in other provinces the people ate their children, having eaten all their domestic animals and even the vermin.

In Ispahan men were caught digging up corpses to feed their starving families with, and the pestilence in consequence has committed fearful ravages. One half of Persia is said to be depopulated.

THE Savannah (Ga.) *Republican* says: "The entire Democratic press, north and south, 'departure,' and 'anti-departure,' agree in extolling Hon. Jeremiah Black's address to the voters of Pennsylvania. We like it ourselves, and now, to settle all disputes, to bring Mr. Stephens and Manton Marble, Major Thompson and Dr. Baird, and everybody else, together, we propose that the Democracy of all the States adopt Jeremiah Black's address as their platform, and that the Democratic national convention, when it meets, forego the usual string of resolutions and whereases, and put the same address as the platform of the national Democratic party. This is good advice, and we don't care if they put Jeremiah Black himself upon it as the candidate."

Perils of Ballooning.

The number of accidents attending balloons and those who peril their lives in making ascensions in them has of late been more frequent than ever heard of before. At Massillon, Ohio, a few days ago, a man who went by the name of

PROF. TORRES, WAS DROWNED

in the canal at that place. It seems Torres was connected with G. G. Grady's circus, exhibiting at Massillon, and among the attractions largely advertised and offered to the gazing multitude was a balloon ascension.—Crowds of people were present to witness it, and at six o'clock the huge canvas bag was properly inflated with hot air, and the aeronaut, Professer Torres, stood ready to make his perilous journey. The ropes were finally unloosed. The professer caught hold of a horizontal bar attached to the balloon, and in a flash was carried many hundred feet into the air. While in his transit he performed all the feats common to those skilled on the trapeze, as holding himself out horizontally by the arms, and hanging by the leg with the head down. The sight was simply fearful, and showed a daring in the man that was anything but commendable. Starting from the depot, the balloon traveled in a southwesterly direction, and having been up ten or fifteen minutes, sank in a canal basin, back of the residence of Gen. Jarvis. While yet in the air, twenty or thirty feet from the water, the acronaut released his hold upon the bar, to prevent the balloon from falling upon him. He fell into the basin at a point eight feet deep, and either by the force of concussion, or because of being hindered by a muddy bottom, rose to the surface completely exhausted, and wholly unable by his own efforts to reach the shore, distant but a few feet. He called loudly for help, but there was none to arrive in sufficient time. With another effort he appeared again above the water, but, almost instantly sank, never to rise until dragged dead to the shore. Physicians applied to his body the most approved methods of resuscitation, but it failed to respond. The corpse was conveyed to the Zielley-house, where funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the Catholics of St. Joseph's society. In the procession were the band and all the attendants of the circus. Elegant flowers were freely distributed about the person and grave of the deceased, and every attention was shown to the family of a brother traveling with him. He was a middle-aged Spaniard, temperate and industrious, and highly spoken of by all his companions. It seems he had fallen into the St. Clair river, and once into Lake Erie, and it is said, escaped from Paris during the late siege in a balloon. He was accustomed in all his ascensions to wear a life-preserver, but here he had no idea there was any water about.

A FATAL ACCIDENT AT PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

Quite an excitement was created at Portsmouth, Ohio, on Wednesday of last week occasioned by mismanagement in letting up the balloon at James Robinson's circus.—The balloon being ready to ascend, the balloonist, Mr. George Augenstall, took his position in the basket and sung out to "let go." Before the poles supporting the balloon were lowered, as it cleared the ground, it blew against one of the poles and caught the basket, precipitating Mr. Aguenstall to the ground, seriously injuring him, and also knocked down the pole which fell on a young man named George Brown, who is not expected to live.

A BALLOONIST LANDS ON A TALL FACTORY CHIMNEY.

At Nashville, on Saturday afternoon week, there was a large attendance at the Horticultural garden to witness a balloon ascension by Prof. Webster. But the distinguished voyage to the clouds failing to put in a timely appearance, a heroic young citizen, George Williams, agreed to go up in the professor's place. The balloon was inflated with hot air instead of gas, and the first "send-off" being a "foul," the atmospheric craft was drawn back to its moorings before getting above the trees in the garden, and again filled with fresh hot air. The second start was more successful, the airship gliding majestically into the upper regions, the brave ascensionist triumphantly waving his handkerchief to thousands of astonished beholders. The balloon, when many hundred feet above the cotton factory, began to descend very rapidly, and, strange to say, fell on, or rather across, the smoke-stack of the factory, being penetrated by the lightning-rod on the stack.

The body of the balloon fell on one side of the stack and the basket on the other. Here was a perilous situation for the youthful balloonist, and the thousands who witnessed it seemed to realize the painful fact. But George Williams proved that he had nerve, prudence and agility equal to the occasion. Hanging with the basket of the balloon about fifteen feet from the top of the stack, he knew that he could not longer remain in that position, and seemed to realize that his only hope of safety was in reaching the top of that great high chimney in the soonest possible time. Gathering the ropes, he sprang out of the basket, and rapidly climbed to the top. With this foothold secured, he politely bowed his respects to numerous spectators, and made signs to indicate that he was now master of the situation. How to get down from this giddy hight was now the question. This was soon settled, and the ascensionist began to descend through the interior of the stack, sending up clouds of sooty smoke as he went down. When he safely reached the bottom, he was warmly congratulated by his friends on his narrow escape from instant destruction.

STOCK-RAISING IN TEXAS.—The St. Louis Republican says:

There is no other pursuit or business so profitable, and stock men are regarded as the most wealthy and prosperous in the State. If this is the case now when cattle are so cheap and transportations so long and difficult, what will it be in a short time when railroads will penetrate the stock region? It may not be out of place to give a few instances of large fortunes made in the business in the last ten or fifteen years on the lower Rio Grande.

About thirty-eight miles west of Corpus Christi is the ranche of Mr. Kennedy. It contains 150,000 acres enclosed in a strong board fence forty miles long. Mr. K. has 40,000 head of cattle in his pasture, and is said to have expended $100,000 in fencing and other buildings connected with his business. Mr. Richard King's ranche, not far from the bay, is said to be still larger, and to contain 182,000 acres and 70,000 head neat cattle and 20,000 horses, besides several thousand sheep and goats.

The expense attending the business is comparatively small. Mexicans are generally employed at low wages. They accompany the herds on horseback, and have stations for shelter, etc., along the range, which sometimes extend a hundred miles or more.

In consequence of Indian incursions on the upper Rio Grande, cattle-raising for the present is chiefly confined to the lower portion of that river and to the coast range around Corpus Christi and Matagorda bays. Large numbers have been shipped to New Orleans and eastern cities from these seaports, chiefly slaughtered and salted, packed in ice, or put up in vessels arranged on the refrigerating plan.

Political and News Items.

—An Indiana girl, aged 11, is after a divorce.

—A mule is cheaper than a stylish bonnet in California.

—Florida has grown a ripe peach with a green one inside.

—It takes the skins of 2,000 horses to cover the base-balls manufactured yearly.

—Two men were smothered to death in Kansas to end their sufferings from hydrophobia.

—They didn't look hale over in Jersey week before last, when the hail was deep enough to sleigh in.

—Snow is said to have fallen to the depth of six inches or more in the southern portion of Casadaga Valley, Chautauqua county, N. Y., on the 21st of July.

—An old German who crossed the ocean to see his friends in Lyons, Iowa, reached there just in time to fall dead before a word of greeting could be uttered.

—One hundred and seven bushels of wheat is reported to have been produced this season on two and a quarter acres of land near Littlestown, Adams county.

—Mr. John Slidell, one of the agents of the southern confederacy in Europe, and well known from his connection with the famous Trent affair, has just died.

—During a game of base ball, at Tama City, Iowa, the batter, in throwing back his club for a telling stroke, hit the catcher in the temple, killing him instantly.

—A remarkable family lives in Dallas county, Ark. The father is 108 years old, the mother 106, and the two are the parents of 29 children—15 boys and 14 girls.

—The Louisville *Courier-Journal* proposes a new Presidential ticket, Greeley and Toombs, which it says would run "like greased hell with a tin-pan tied to its tail."

—During a very severe thunder storm at Washington, Pa., on Wednesday evening last, Mrs. John Allen was instantly killed and her youngest child and a lady named Elizabeth Wolf badly stunned by lightning.

—The Radicals have adopted sectional hatred and religious bigotry as the the leading planks in their political platform. They cannot win upon such issues. The people are too intelligent to adopt such a programme in this country.

—The Prince of Wales and a royal party are *en roule* for Ireland. Far better attend to the long deferred claims of Ireland for justice, than amuse her people with idle shows, which only point with keener regrets the memories of the past.

—The Empress Eugenie, according to the *Temps*, on the occasion of the Papal Jubilee, sent a letter of congratulation to the Pope, through Cardinal Lucien Bonaparte, together with an offering of one hundred thousand francs in the name of the Imperial family.

—The scandal going the rounds of the radical press about Jeff Davis and a lady, in a sleeping coach on a Southern railroad, is too contemptible a canard to be found in the columns of a respectable paper. In all his domestic relations Mr. Davis bears the reputation of being among the best and kindest of men.

—One of the most audacious robberies ever placed on record was perpetrated in Ohio, within six miles of Medina, on Saturday, by two bold robbers, who accosted a Mr. Gay in his garden, charging him with being a counterfeiter, after which they placed him in irons and robbed his residence of several thousand dollars.

—Mr. Joseph Caldwell, a well-to-do citizen of Columbus, Ohio, unaccountably disappeared more than twelve months since, and very recently, as it has been discovered, died in a lunatic asylum in New Orleans, and was buried in a pauper's grave. He left an estate worth $150,000, and one of his relatives is now enjoying it.

—At London, in Shelby county, Indiana, on Sunday, Henry Ellington, a rejected suitor, undertood to murder Miss Lizzie Smith, and in doing this he trampled her under foot to such an extent that, though alive at last accounts, it is hardly probable that she can long survive. Lynch law is likely to call Ellington to account for this wanton act of brutality.

—Alexander Lovelet, a French Canadian, residing with his family on Navy Island, and Edward Bogardus, of Chippewa, in attempting to cross to Navy Island at 12 o'clock on Wednesday night last, were carried over Niagara Falls. On Friday the remnants of their boat were found below the falls. The bodies have not yet been found. Lovelet leaves a wife and three children.

—It is reported that the Cherokee Indians in western North Carolina, have filed a claim against the Government for all the lands lying between the Blue Ridge and the Cumberland mountains, and extending from Bristol to Chattanooga, Tenn. It is said that when the treaty was made ceding this land, the Cherokee chief failed to sign it, and that it is, therefore, of no value.

—When the Misses Collier, of Geneva, N. Y., reached their uncle's house at Rochester, Wednesday, they were surprised to find a hearse standing at the door, and horrified on finding that the dead was their sister Eva, whom they had come to visit. While giving way to the outburst of grief which naturally followed, a despatch came from Geneva announcing that their sister at home, who was well when they left her in the morning, had suddenly died.

—The Fulton (Mo.) *Fair Play* of the 26th says: "A portion of a bridge on the Louisiana and Missouri Railroad, being built over Anvase river, eight miles north of Fulton, fell last Sunday, carrying with it nine men over one hundred feet to the bed of the river below. Only one man, A. McGills, was killed. Charles Gray, George Bremmington, and William Brothers suffered severe internal injuries and will probably die. The others are not seriously hurt."

—There has been a "new departure" taken in South Carolina. More than a hundred prominent Radicals, white and black, have gone over to the Democrats, renouncing and denouncing the Republican party as false and corrupt. The Carolina *Spartan* publishes cards from eight or ten colored Radicals announcing their change of political faith, and reasons for so doing. This new departure will put a different face upon political matters down there by and by.

—A terrible negro riot occurred at Goldsboro, N. C., on Saturday. About five thousand negros went to town to attend a Radical mass meeting, and many of them becoming drunk attacked all the whites they could find. The police charged on them, but were resisted with clubs, stones, pistols, etc. One negro was killed and a number wounded, and one colored policeman was killed and several whites wounded. The Radical leaders refused to take the mob out of town when requested.

—A construction train bound north, consisting of nine cars and having eighteen laborers on board, was precipitated into the Navasota river, at Navasota, Texas, on the evening of July 29th, a derrick on a working car having struck the lateral braces and rods of the bridge, and caused the accident. The superstructure of the span was carried away, and the second, third and fourth spans went to the bottom with the cars and engine. Ten men were instantly killed, two fatally injured and twelve more or less hurt. One man was thrown twenty feet in the air, and falling, was instantly killed.

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NEW

GOODS!

Cheap! Cheaper! Cheapest!

Geis & Foster,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A FULL LINE OF

BLACK AND COLORED ALPACAS,

MOURNING GOODS,

AND OTHER DRESS GOODS!

Embracing the Latest Novelties.

Black and Fancy Colored Dress Silks;
Plain, Striped and Fancy Japanese Silks;
Plain, Plaid and Striped Japanese Cloth;
Plain and Fancy Grenadines;
American Poplins, all colors—extra bargains;
Lawns, Chintzes and Percales;
Plain and Striped Chambrays.

A FULL LINE OF

WHITE GOODS,

STRIPED AND FIGURED P. K's,

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

HOUSEKEEPING DRY GOODS,

CASSIMERES, JEANS,

AND LINEN FOR BOYS' SUITS.

Also, a complete variety of

SHAWLS

As well as a fine assortment of

PARASOLS AND SUN UMBRELLAS,

Hosiery, Gloves, orsets, &c.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES,

AT GEIS & FOSTER'S,

113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown.

Have just opened this week an elegant and choice stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

BONNETS, HATS,

FLOWERS AND RIBBONS,

Illusions and Laces,

BONNET AND HAT CRAPE,

OF ALL COLORS.

50 PIECES OF

CARPETS! CARPETS!

We have opened and now offer for sale a most elegant assortment of *Spring Carpets*.

Brussels Carpets,
Three Ply Carpets,
Ingrain Carpets,
Rag, Cottage & Hemp Carpets
Mattings and Rugs.
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,

all widths, styles and qualities—4-4, 5-4, 6-4, 8-4.

We invite every lady to call and examine our stock of goods.
The choicest and finest stock of millinery goods and dry goods, in town, on exhibition

—AT—

GEIS & FOSTER'S,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street,

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Cash Sales—Low Prices—Small Profits!

THE GREAT

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CLOTHING

EMPORIUM!

241 Main Street Johnstown.

S. J. HESS & BROTHER

HAVE NOW ON HAND

The Largest, Best Made

AND MOST DURABLE

Stock of Clothing

EVER KEPT IN JOHNSTOWN,

consisting chiefly of

MEN'S COATS, MEN'S PANTS, MEN'S VESTS;
YOUTHS' COATS, YOUTHS' PANTS, YOUTHS' VESTS;
BOYS' COATS, BOYS' PANTS, BOYS' VESTS.

We have also constantly in stock a complete assortment of

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c.

We are prepared to make to order Clothing of every description on the shortest notice.

Call at No. 241 Main Street,

AND SEE HOW IT IS YOURSELVES!

Johnstown, April 22, 1871.-6m.

JOHN FENLON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, adjoining his residence. Jan 31, 1867.-tf.

Cambria Freeman.

THURSDAY, : : : : AUG. 3, 1871.

Which We Wish to Remark, and Our Language is Plain."

For four years and a half, now past, we have been publishing the CAMBRIA FREEMAN, during which time we have labored earnestly to make it worthy of a liberal support, and to many good friends we are under obligations for having added us generously in that particular. A large proportion of those, however, who have been receiving our paper for one or more years have been very dilatory in paying us our dues, and now, at the end of four and a half years, although we have printed our paper for the most part on types that were worn out when we got them, and have saved outlay in all possible particulars, we have very little indeed to show for dollars, we have very little indeed to show for it except some *fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars* charged on our books for subscription, advertising, etc. This is not as it should be, and not as it shall be, if we can by any means help it. The proper way to support a newspaper is to pay for it in advance, or at least within or at the end of each year. This saves both the subscriber and the publisher trouble. But that is neither here nor there at present. What we want to get at now is the money due us. We are determined to obtain a new outfit for our paper the coming fall, or bust the thing up in the effort to do so. Too long have we printed a paper of which, in a mechanical point of view, we are heartily ashamed, and we appeal to the sense of justice and local pride of delinquent subscribers to aid us in this much-needed improvement. If no more than a mere living is to be the result of our efforts, we know where we can make it much easier than by publishing the CAMBRIA FREEMAN. If, however, our labors are to be appreciated as we think they deserve, now is the time to show it. Nearly all our material is worn out, and in the hands of others is the money necessary to replace it with a new outfit, and thus make the FREEMAN one of the handsomest as we now claim it is one of the best country newspapers published. In hopes that all who owe us will pay up between this and the end of September court, we shall wait once more to moral suasion, although thus far it has proved of but little avail.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

THREE MONTHS FOR FORTY CENTS.—We announce under our editorial head and repeat here our willingness to furnish the CAMBRIA FREEMAN FOR THREE MONTHS, in clubs of ten or more, sent to one address, for FORTY CENTS per copy, which we consider a very liberal offer. Scarcely any effort would be needed in any locality to get up a club for the campaign at fifty cents for each subscriber, ten cents of which could be deducted to pay for the trouble of getting up the club. More than this, we will furnish the FREEMAN one year for ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS to any new subscriber whose name may be sent us before the first of October next, provided the party who sends it is already a subscriber to our paper and has paid or does then pay his subscription up to the close of the present volume. Will our friends make a little exertion in this behalf?

Ups and Mishaps at and near Home.

—Our forms were made up at Wednesday noon when "T. I. M.'s" letter reached us.

—Music can readily be bought on week days by the sheet, but on Sundays it is furnished by the choir.

—Ask your neighbor who don't take the FREEMAN whether he won't try it for three months anyhow.

—The base ball fever still rageth fiercely in Johnstown. Perhaps the irrepressible desire to beat Ebensburg has something to do with it.

—The "high dry-phobia" is very bad in this place just now. The first symptom is an uncontrollable desire to get somebody to pay for the drinks.

—Our readers are referred to the advertisement of S. J. Hess & Bro., in another column, who are as clever men to deal with as Johnstown can trot out.

—We have no hesitation in recommending to our readers Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer as a sure cure for dandruff, and to restore the natural color of the hair.

—We understand that the stone work on the new jail building will be fully completed the present week. Of course this does not include the high wall enclosing the jail yard.

—There are said to be no less than three hundred houses in course of erection in Altoona. That beats Ebensburg about two hundred and ninety-seven houses, more or less.

—If all the clothing in all the other clothing houses in Philadelphia were put together, it would not equal the stock of that one great establishment—Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall.

—Mathew Hamilton's barn, in Hopewell township, Huntingdon county, with all its contents, was set on fire by some scoundrel, on Friday night last, and burned to the ground. Loss $1,000.

—The Johnstown Tribune man very earnestly advocates the erection of gas lamps in the streets of that city, forgetting in his enthusiasm that the light of the lamp almost invariably reveals the features of the chap who hugs the post beneath it.

—It is now said that the notorious Charley Jones is not the man who was shot at Freeport while attempting to commit a burglary, as noted by us last week, but that he is one of the parties now in jail awaiting trial as an accomplice of Young, the man killed.

—We tender our sincere condolence to Frank Bearer, Esq., of Carrolltown, whom death has recently deprived of that best of earthly blessings, a good wife. Mrs. Bearer died on Tuesday of last week, but of her disease or her age we have learned nothing. May she rest in peace.

—Mr. Luke Platt accidentally fell from his buggy in this place, on Sunday last, in consequence of his horse suddenly wheeling, and was very badly stunned, if indeed it does not turn out that he was considerably injured. He was taken to his home in Susquehanna township the same evening.

—Gen. Harry White has been renominated for the State Senate in the Westmoreland and Indiana district. This is his fourth nomination for that office. Very many of the republicans of this county, as well as all the democrats here and elsewhere, will be glad to hear of White being beaten black.

—If there is anything wrong about this item Sansom must hold the Hollidaysburg Standard responsible, for that's where we found it: It is reported that Sansom, of the Indiana Democrat, contemplates entering the lecture field the coming season. His subject will be —"What I know about Centre county milk."

—Mr. Emanuel Bigham, of Altoona, was severely injured, on Monday evening of last week, by the sharp point of an iron grating striking him on the forehead and cutting an ugly gash. He was carrying the grating up a step ladder at the time, and the ladder slipped and caused the accident. He is now recovering.

—The Hollidaysburg Standard well says that the tariff levied on fruit and vegetables by the Adams' Express Company is outrageous, and it might have added that the outrage is but little less apparent in its charges for carrying all other commodities. Adams' Express has caused many a moral man to express Adamsright of profanity.

—Improvement is the watchword of nearly every newspaper in the country, but the FREEMAN has to be printed on worn out type and with a hand press, simply because the money due it in small sums from hundreds of subscribers is not forthcoming, as common justice and local pride demands that it should be.—Wake up friends, and show us the stuff you are made of.

—Some party or parties, not having the fear of God before their eyes or His grace in their hearts, effected an entrance to the Bethel (Baptist) church, in Blacklick township, one night last week, and drank all the wine kept there for sacramental purposes. Suspicions rest on some three or four parties in the vicinity, who may yet find themselves called to account for the sacrilege.

—Accidents have been exceedingly plentiful in Altoona during the past ten days. In addition to two or three others recorded elsewhere, one employee of the railroad company fell from a pile of boards, severely cutting his head; a second had his lip severed nearly half its length; a third, while coupling cars, had his hand badly crushed, and finally a little girl, while at play, broke her right arm.

—Benjamin Davis, son of David Davis, who for several months past has been afflicted with consumption, died at his father's residence in the East Ward, on Tuesday evening last. He was a young man of great moral worth and was highly esteemed, and we are sure that his early death will be sincerely regretted by all who knew and appreciated his good qualities. We presume his age to have been about twenty years.

—Glad to welcome to our midst our worthy young friend, Tom McNamara, once a Hollidaysburg boy, now a Philadelphia man, who with his wife is on a brief visit to his relatives in this place. Better material than Tom is not put up in animated packages of any size, and so long as he prospers as abundantly as we think he is now doing, we shall be as happy in that particular as a big sun flower after a genial summer shower.

—We are indeed sorry to announce the serious illness of Col. B. McDermitt, steward of the Poor House, who is at present confined to his bed by a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. When we last heard from him his condition was considered very critical, but we hope for better news ere we go to press. P. S. The change for the better has come. Wednesday morning the Colonel's condition was much improved, and hopes for his speedy recovery are now entertained.

—The following is said to be an excellent receipt for the manufacture of superior wine from blackberries: Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar: cork tight, and let stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use without any further straining or boiling.

—Very Rev. J. Tuigg, pastor of St. John's (Catholic) church, Altoona, is at present on a pleasure trip to Europe. He designs visiting Rome and then doing the continent. His congregation presented him with nearly a thousand dollars on the eve of his departure. Father Tuigg by his zeal and industry has done a great work, and well deserves a few months' respite from his arduous labors. We wish him abundant enjoyment, good health, and a safe and prosperous voyage both ways.

—Our townsmen, Dr. Lemmon and Messrs. Geo. A. Berry and Geo. Roberts are now on a visit to Cape May, where of course they are the guests of Col. Bolton, of the Columbia House. May the Doctor acquire a SURF-eit of good health at the seaside, and as for our two young friends, who probably are in pursuit of pleasure only, we hope that they will come back washed perfectly clean of their political errors and with their minds made up to vote the Democratic ticket next fall.

—Mr. Patrick Shea, a respectable and hard-working citizen of Altoona, whom we knew well, while walking on the railroad track on his way from that city to Kittanning Point, on Saturday morning week, was struck by a freight train, knocked down an embankment, and instantly killed. In the effort to avoid one train he got in the way of the other, with the sad result stated. His son, who was with him, narrowly escaped a like fate. The deceased leaves a wife and six children. He was a shoemaker by trade.

—"How high ish dat?" It may interest some of our readers to know that while Harrisburg is only 310 feet and Pittsburgh 748 feet above the level of the ocean, Gallitzin is located at an elevation of 2,161 feet and Cresson at an elevation of 1,996 feet above the tide. The exact altitude of Ebensburg we have no means of knowing, but judging from the above, it is no doubt pretty good for high. No wonder that overcoats are not uncomfortable mornings and evenings in this latitude even in midsummer!

—We now print one thousand and thirty-two copies of the FREEMAN, which is our bona fide circulation at the present time, and are adding new names to the list nearly every day. We want to run our subscription up to fifteen hundred before the close of the year, and ask our friends everywhere to help us. We have set our heart on a power press, a complete job office, an entire outfit of type, and an enlarged and much improved paper, and they who assist us to accomplish all this shall not be without their reward. What say you, friends of the FREEMAN?

SERIOUSLY INJURED.—A young Philadelphian named Clark, one of the sojourners at Cresson Springs, was thrown, or perhaps, more properly speaking, fell from a horse near the residence of Mrs. Smith, in Munster township, on Saturday last, and received injuries which Dr. Devereaux of Summitville, the attending physician, was fearful would prove fatal. Young Clark had hired a horse at Jordan's livery stable, Cresson, for the purpose of riding out for pleasure and was on his return from Munster, where he had been, when the horse either became unmanageable or the rider lost all confidence in himself and permitted the animal to take his own course, which he did at a rapid rate for a distance of a mile or two, the young man riding part of the way with his feet out of the stirrups, and finally letting go the bridle reins, shortly after which he fell to the ground, and the result was a terrible gash on the back of the head and other injuries of a painful nature. He was carried into Mrs. Smith's house and his friends and a physician summoned, and all else done for his comfort and the alleviation of his sufferings that was possible to be done. On Sunday evening he was conveyed to Cresson and put on board the Cincinnati Express on his way towards his home in Philadelphia, where we trust he will speedily recover from his injuries, notwithstanding the fears expressed in his behalf.

MYSTERIOUS SUICIDE IN PITTSBURGH.—A lady about thirty years of age, of handsome face and figure, and who registered her name simply as Mrs. Clark, of Huntingdon, Pa., committed suicide by hanging herself to a bed-post at the Union Depot Hotel, Pittsburgh, on Sunday morning last. When discovered life was not altogether extinct, but it was found impossible to resuscitate her. She had deposited $365 at the hotel office the day previous, besides which a valuable gold watch and chain, fine jewelry in profusion, pawn tickets to the value of $415, and other valuables were found in her possession. A copy of a prayer claiming to have been found in the tomb of our Lord, was also among her effects, and has been accepted as indicative of her religious faith.

P. S. Since the above was in type we learn from the Huntingdon Globe that Mrs. Clark was a respectable married woman who resided at Fairplay, Bedford county, and her husband says she was subject to fits of derangement, during one of which she no doubt committed self-murder. She left home last week for the avowed purpose of visiting Huntingdon to see some person about building a house. The husband of the unfortunate woman has gone to Pittsburgh to reclaim the body.

HORSE FAIR AT LORETTO.—We have been requested to announce that a grand horse fair will be held at Loretto on Wednesday and Thursday, August 16th and 17th, and that every arrangement will be made to render it a complete success. Fast horses from all sections will have a chance to show their speed, and persons having horses of any kind to dispose of will find a good market at the time and place indicated above. Buyers and sellers of horses, as well as owners of good nags, fast or otherwise, and the public generally from far and near, are respectfully invited to attend.

SUDDEN DEATH.—We learn with regret that Mr. Joseph Buck, father of Ex-Sheriff John Buck, of Carrolltown, Wm. P. Buck, of Buck's Mills, and others, fell dead on Monday last, at the residence of his son-in law, Mr. Francis A. Storm, in Allegheny township. Mr. Buck's age is said to have been about 71 years. We did not learn the cause of his death, but presume it to have been heart disease. Obituary next week.

MOUNT GALLITZIN SEMINARY.—A correspondent of the Pittsburgh CATHOLIC, writing from this place under date of July 24th, speaks in well merited praise of Mount Gallitzin Seminary and of the good Sisters of St. Joseph, as well as of the worthy pastor in charge of that really excellent institution of learning. He says:

We have a very important and necessary Institution in this place, the existence of which is not sufficiently known and appreciated by your readers. I mean "Mount Gallitzin Seminary," for small boys, under the immediate charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and superintended by Father Christy, who is well known for his generous and kind-hearted character throughout the Diocese. The school at its commencement had some severe trials to undergo, but now, thank God, it is in a fair way to succeed admirably, and give entire satisfaction to all its patrons. A large addition is being built, which will give ample room for at least fifty scholars. There is no need in urging the claims of the good Sisters upon your readers for a generous patronage. Parents reflecting for a moment upon the benefits to be derived from the placing of their small boys under the mild and maternal care of the Sisters will not hesitate for a moment to embrace the opportunity afforded them. The kindness of the Sisters will impart to them a delicate and refined character, an amiability of disposition which cannot be obtained in Colleges where there are large and small boys together. Besides, when they leave Mt. Gallitzin they will have made sufficient progress in their studies to enter respectable and advanced Colleges. Persons desiring information, can call on Right Rev. M. Domenec, Bishop of the Diocese, or any of the clergy of the Cathedral or other churches; also the Sisters of Mercy, or H. A. Freyvogel, D. Ihmsen, N. J. Bigley, J. Neeson, W. and J. Maloney.

S. J.

GEORGE J. BOLTON.—In the long list of successful and eminently popular hotel proprietors of the present day, no name stands out more prominently than the one which heads this article, and none is mentioned with greater praise. As proprietor of the Bolton House, Harrisburg, the Washington Hotel, Philadelphia, and the Columbia House, Cape May, all first class and well patronized hotels, Mr. Bolton has won a distinction in the business that none excel and but few enjoy, and we venture to say that there is scarcely a reader of our paper who has not either partaken of the hospitality or heard favorable mention made at least of one or other of these hotels. All of them are unexcelled and all bear testimony to Mr. Bolton's ability "to keep a hotel." Of the Columbia House at Cape May, now that a visit to the sea shore is just in order, we desire especially to say a good word. We have never been at Cape May, it is true, but it is none the less known to us that the Columbia House is unsurpassed, if indeed equalled, by any hotel at that favorite watering place. In all its appointments it is without a superior—a desirable location, a good shade, an excellent bathing beach, good water, a first class table, unexceptionable treatment, and moderate charges being its leading attractions. If you have leisure, and the money to spare, dear reader, now is the time to visit Cape May and the Columbia House is the right place to hang up your hat and make yourself at home.

A SPLENDID WORK OF ART.—We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt from Messrs. Collins & M'Leester, the well known and very successful Philadelphia type founders, of a copy of their recently issued "Specimen Book." It is a most exquisite work of art, and while it displays in pleasing profusion the beautiful and superb types manufactured at that renowned establishment, of which there is an almost innumerable variety, it also gives unmistakable evidence of great care, labor and judgment in its preparation and arrangement, and evinces throughout the brilliant genius and masterly taste of the talented and gentlemanly manager of the foundry, Mr. Eugene H. Munday. We hope those who owe us will, by paying us our just dues, enable us to make selections and purchases from this beautiful book, and thus render it as useful as it is already ornamental to our office. Our delinquent patrons can and should furnish the means to make the FREEMAN one of the handsomest papers published, and we appeal to their local pride and sense of justice to do so, now that we have the chance to select at home, if need be, the best and most desirable material for that purpose.

IS IT RIGHT?—The following appeal for money is not without humor and abounds in much truth. It appeared in the Easton Argus about forty-two years ago, but is not by any means out of date: "We have many subscribers who have paid us nothing. Do such people think we can live on beach bark, like a Cossack's horse, or grow fat by inhaling the west wind? Do they suppose that the Female Charitable Society supplies us with clothes?—Do they suppose that paper, type, ink, fuel and many other costly and necessary articles are sent us by an unknown and invisible hand?—Whatever Dr. Faustus might have done, the black art of modern printers has no such magic in it. When hungry we have no time to fish or hunt, and it would be impious to expect a sheet full of good things to be miraculously let down from the heavens by the four corners, as in the case of Peter, and, as to being fed by ravens, it is more likely that the ravens will feed scantily upon us, unless we get some money shortly."

A REASONABLE REQUEST.—"Clara, I love but thee alone,"—thus sighed the tender youth. "O, hear me, then, my passion own with trembling lips and earnest tone. Indeed, I speak the truth." He paused, the blush o'erspread her cheek: she let him draw her near: scarce for emotion could she speak, yet did she ask in accents meek, "Wilt thou take me to T. T. Spence's Photograph Gallery, in the rear of G. G. Owens' store, High street, Ebensburg, as soon as we are wed, my dear?" Of course so reasonable a request could not but be complied with, a wedding followed as a matter of course, the happy pair had their pictures taken in the most exquisite style, for that is the way Spence does his work, and duly supplied with excursion tickets obtained from that gentleman, (see his advertisement,) they are now enjoying an extended wedding tour. Go thou and do likewise, at least in the matter of getting your pictures taken by Spence, the proficient artist.

DEATH OF ANNIE H. DUNCAN.—All who participated in the editorial excursion in June last, will learn with deep regret of the recent death of Miss Annie H. Duncan, the only child of Aug. Duncan, Esq., one of the editors of the Chambersburg Valley Spirit, who was with her father at the democratic editorial convention at Bellefonte, and afterwards participated in the excursion to Watkins' Glen. Miss Duncan was a most amiable and estimable young lady, and was one of the happiest and most esteemed of all that happy and sociable throng. She possessed rare accomplishments both of mind and person, and was a favorite wherever known. She died of an attack of typhoid fever while on a visit to some relatives in Gettysburg. Her father, a worthy and honorable gentleman, has our earnest sympathy in his trying bereavement.

CHEAP MUSIC.—It is seldom that cheapness is associated with merit and real value, but we must make an exception in favor of PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY. This valuable work comes to us regularly each month, overflowing with choice new music—some fifteen pieces in every number. It is printed from 36 full size music plates, neatly bound, and sells for the modest sum of 30 cents. Volume VIII. began with the July number: and the publisher offers to send two copies—July and August—for 50 cents. Address J. L. PETERS, 599 Broadway, New York. Think of it! 30 pieces of good music for 50 cents.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.—There is not a man, woman or child in the country who knows "Uncle Jake" Zeigler, of the Butler Herald, but will rejoice to learn that he is now the owner of a cap power press and an entire new outfit of types, and that he has enlarged his paper to a nine column paged sheet and of course beautified it throughout with the new material referred to. He has adorned it with a handsome scroll head which reads, "Zeigler's Butler Herald," and is a fit crown for such an elegant gotten-up journal. In its politics the *Herald* is democratic to the core, and in the advocacy of which principles it is as efficient and able as its editor is gentlemanly, honorable and worthy of success.

—The city dads of Altoona have just awarded the contract for laying water pipes from Kittanning Point to that city, a distance of over five miles, and have also contracted for the erection of a reservoir on Prospect hill which will hold 300,000 gallons of water.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, July 31, 1871.

Dear Freeman—James Flanagan, son of John Flanagan, Esq., one of the nominees for Associate Judge, who has been in the far west for several years, has just returned to his home in this place and purposes remaining until October. He seems to bear the wear of travel and excitement bravely, for he looks quite well.—We wish him a pleasant visit to his old home.

It is little more than one month since Mr. Black was killed on the Connelsville railroad and his mutilated remains brought home and interred here. On last Friday another victim was brought to this place and buried. The name of the deceased was Lobis Snowden, a promising young man, aged about nineteen years. He was killed near Pittsburgh, on the Connelsville railroad, just as the train was leaving the city. He had sprained his ankle a few days before, and this may have been the cause of his falling from the cars. He leaves a brother and sister to mourn his untimely and tragic death.

The school directors of Woodvale have placed new fashionable cherry desks in their school house, bought outline maps and new school cards, and renovated the blackboard. They also repaired the house, having it plastered in the new, till it looks as white as a sheet of paper. Wild cat water has also been introduced, and other improvements made. Considering that this school district is only two months old, this is doing the thing up brown. They are energetic men, and, with the hearty co-operation of the people and the teacher, the school must prosper.

Mr. Henry Levy, formerly a merchant of this place, but who has been absent for sixteen years, returned to Johnstown the other day, looking well and hearty. He has been all through the west—has seen all the elephants—and now returns to remain. He purposes to set up business here. He was a very popular merchant while doing business here in 1852 to 1855. We wish him good luck, first, because he deserves it, and, second because he presented to us a nice Indian smoke pipe and a bead case to keep it in. It is a chief's pipe, and made out of yellow stone—a very precious stone found in some parts of the west. Mr. Levy and I never had a hatchet to bury, but we both smoked the pipe of peace together.

The *melon-cholic* days have come,
The *scallest* of the year,
With empty shells, and scarlet pulp,
And rind both green and sere.

Why is the editor of the Johnstown *Tribune* a poor logician? Because he argues in a circle. We neglected to mention the fact that Frank and John Hay have now established a regular auction house in town. The first goods were disposed of at the rooms opposite the post-office on last Saturday, and they (the goods) went like hot cakes at Cresson. Both these gentlemen are good business men and I doubt not that they will be useful in this as in their other pursuits in this community. We wish them lots of good luck and many customers, both in the auction and the stove and tinware business, for, be it remembered, they have not relinquished the business of making tinware and selling everything that tinners and stove dealers sell.

"Anti-Departure Democrat" can ride his new hobby horse already. He only fell off three times. That was learning fast. He is apt for one of his age. Being the son of a lawyer, or he would know that democrats *must* obey the Constitution, whether they *would* or not, and that is the democratic platform. "Be subject to the powers that be;" but that is a quotation that the Major doesn't understand. He has been a ——I so long that he now defies law instinctively. But he'll come over yet. I'll bet he'll vote the democratic ticket. He votes instinctively, too. The Major is a clever man and will undoubtedly get over his pout before the ides of October. He and "Both Sides" are queer fellows.

They wriggle in and wriggle out,
Leaving the people still in doubt,
Whether the snake that made the track
Was going south or going back.

Great improvements are being made in Conemaugh borough, especially on Railroad and Portage streets. Workmen are engaged in paving Railroad street. The old Headrick property on Portage street, and indeed all the property near it, has been painted and otherwise improved. Good wide brick pavements have been laid and trees planted. Portage street will soon be one of the finest streets in the great city of Johnstown. The people of Woodvale are also planting shade trees along the side of the main street of that borough. Everybody plants trees but the Town Council of Johnstown borough. It plants ne'er a tree.

Yours, ROB ROY.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.—The regular fall examination of teachers for Cambria county will be held as follows:

Ebensburg, Union school house, Saturday August 19.
Millville, Iron street school house, Tuesday, August 22.
Coopersdale public school house, August 23.
Cambria borough public school-house, August 24.
Carrolltown, Carroll and Susquehanna, at Carrolltown, Tuesday, Sept. 5.
Chest township, at Prondfoot's, Sept. 6.
White township, at Fallen Timber, Sept. 7."
Chest Springs and Clearfield, at Trexler's school house, Sept. 8.
Loretto and Allegheny, at Loretto, Monday, Sept. 11.
Munster, at Glass' school house, Sept. 12.
Washington and Summit, at Cresson, Sept. 13.
Gallitzin, at Gallitzin, Sept. 14.
Wilmore and Summerhill, at Wilmore, September 15.
Croyle, at Summerhill station, Sept. 18.
Franklin and East Conemaugh, in Franklin, Sept. 19.
Jackson, at Fairview, Sept. 20.
Taylor, at Hendrick's school house, Sept. 21.
Conemaugh, at Singer's school house, Sept. 22.
Yoder, at Stutzman's school house, Sept. 23.
Blacklick, at Belsano, Sept. 25.
Cambria, at Myers' school house, Sept. 26.
Adams, at Moses Kring's school house, September 28.
Richland, at Blough's school house, Sept. 29.

SPECIAL EXAMINATIONS.

Ebensburg, Union school house, Saturday, Oct. 7.
Johnstown, Union school house, Saturday, Oct. 14.
Ebensburg, Union school house, Saturday, Oct. 21.

These examinations will commence promptly at 10 o'clock, a. m., except in the cases of Ebensburg, Millville, and Cambria borough, when the examinations will commence at 9 o'clock, a. m. None but *bona fide* applicants for schools in the respective districts need apply. Applicants must be in their places at the beginning of the examination, or they cannot be admitted into the class; and those who are strangers to the superintendent or directors, must produce recommendations of good character from responsible parties. No private examinations will be granted except in strict compliance with the 301st decision under the school law.—Directors and citizens are cordially invited to be present. T. J. CHAPMAN, Co. Supt.

ADVERTISING AGENCIES.—It is a fact that all those persons doing a business which requires extensive advertising, and who from the mode of conducting it are able to form a close approximation of the results produced by each separate investment in this way, are universal in the opinion that better contracts can be secured through a well established advertising agency like that of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York, than can be obtained from publishers direct, no matter how familiar with rates and papers the advertiser may be. It stands to reason that an agency controlling patronage to the extent of from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars per month should be able to secure favors which would not be accorded to any mere individual, even if we omit entirely the benefits which they must derive from their extensive experience.—*Exchange.*

OUR harpie sat on a mossy stone, beneath an ancient elm, gazing upon the slippery ripples of the crystal stream which sped past her slippered feet. She was dreaming a day-dream and softly humming that favorite song, "Still so gently o'er me stealing," when a voice sweet as the rippling waters fell upon her ears, and this is what it said: "Why sit ye here idle when C. T. Roberts has such a beautiful stock of jewelry and fancy goods awaiting your inspection and purchase, and has such a commendable desire to please everybody and suit the pocket-books of all who desire to buy clocks, watches, jewelry, or any other article comprised in his beautiful and immense assortment?"

LARGE CONTRACT.—We understand that John J. Murphy, Mansion House corner, Johnstown, has undertaken to sell forty-nine thousand dollars worth of dry goods, dress goods, notions, and fancy goods between this and the election. If he does he will need a great many customers, and he ought to have them. If people will dress let Murphy furnish the goods, for not a better man is found by the crier in his round through the town. Mr. Murphy keeps a large stock of goods always on hand and sells very cheap. That's so!

LOUIS COHEN still continues to sell the choicest hats and caps in Johnstown, with all kinds of gents' furnishing goods, suitable for the season. If any of our readers want a fashionable hat, cap or collar, go to Cohen and get a cheap and durable article. Mind the No., 227 Main street, Johnstown. Mr. Cohen has the tastiest little Hat Store west of the mountains, and then he is tasty himself and knows what style and fashions are.

I WISH I was in Johnscstown,
As once I U U 2 B;
For there resides James J. Murphy.
And him I long 2 C.

He sells cheap clothing at the sign of the "Star," No. 109 Clinton street, and is generally known as cheap James. Clothing of every size, color, and texture at the great Star Clothing Store of James J. Murphy.

WILLING AND ANXIOUS.—That is just what's the matter with Andy Christy at present writing. He is willing and anxious to get rid of his elegant stock of summer goods, willing and anxious that everybody should get a big pile of them, and willing and anxious to take first cost prices for all of them. Andy keeps store in Loretto, and you should be willing and anxious to go there and see him.

VOX POPULI.

The New York Riots Again—A Sensible View of the Subject.

My Dear Freeman—The real point to be taken into consideration has been overlooked by most of those who have written or spoken upon the recent disturbances in New York. Our country is being rapidly filled up by persons coming from every quarter of the globe. We have Englishmen and Irishmen, Germans and Frenchmen, Swedes and Poles, Russians and Chinese, Africans and Japanese, Spaniards and Italians, Norwegians and Danes. Coming from different countries, it is but natural that these men should still feel an attachment to their native lands—that they should still take a deep interest in the welfare of their respective nationalities—that they should still be more or less influenced by their old national prejudices and predilections.

"*Coelum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt.*" Freely translated, this means crossing the ocean does not change our feelings.—A German, though a citizen of the United States, naturally felt an interest in his native land and rejoiced as he read of its onward and steady progress to victory during the late war. Just as naturally did Frenchmen grieve over the misfortunes that laid waste their beautiful land, and hope that ere long a better fate would befall it. In like manner, if (which God forbid) another war should enkindle its devouring flames and hurry Great Britain and Prussia into a struggle, Englishmen would rejoice over the success or weep over the defeat of their native land, whereas a German would watch with eagerness every movement of the Prussian armies and his spirit would rise and fall with the side on which they were borne to victory.

This sympathy a man feels for the land of his birth is very well in its own place, but what that place is should not be forgotten. Though coming from different quarters of the world, we are all here citizens of the United States. Upon this soil we are free and we are equal. The Russian and the Pole are upon the same level—a high and ennobling level. To prince and peasant coming from abroad the title of American citizen is a proud and valued one.—The Prussian has no more rights here than a Frenchman; each of them, however bitter the strife between their father lands, is an American citizen entitled to the same rights and privileges and possessed of an equal claim to their inviolability.

Being, therefore, equal and citizens of one country, breathing the same pure air of freedom, treading upon the same soil and enjoying a happiness having the same basis and secured by the same bulwarks, it should be their aim to suffer all old-world prejudices and animosities to be completely laid aside as the waves of the ocean they crossed when coming hither had been for them the waters of forgetfulness of all but the ties of love and universal brotherhood.

So, also, should it be the aim of our government, whether municipal, state, or general, to discountenance and, if attempted, put down every manifestation of national feelings that may be offensive to any, even the least of our citizens. Otherwise the peace of the country will be endangered and its unity and consequent prosperity be put in peril.

Aside, therefore, of the bad taste shown in rejoicing over the defeat of the noble country that first stretched out a helping hand to our nation in its birth-throes, it was at variance with the harmony to be desired and cherished between our citizens to have public celebrations of the victory of the Prussians when there was not a single subject so many of whom a borrowing interest in the destiny of France. Even were there but one citizen of French descent, the violence done to his feelings would be serious and lasting in its consequences.

With equal injustice to the feelings of an Irish-born citizen, and with equal peril to the peace of our country, is any celebration attended that has for its object to commemorate what he regards as a deep and abiding wrong to his native land. No matter whether the participants in the celebration be citizens or not, the event they commemorate was but one link of the long galling chain that bound the down-trodden victims of treachery and barbarism. Such an event could be recalled to him by an Irishman only with feelings of sorrow for his country and of hatred for her oppressor.—To stir up and keep alive such feelings is to arouse into action passions not easily subdued and to lead to deeds from which humanity shrinks and bloodshed may ensue. What right, then, consistent with the unity, peace and happiness of our nation, can any Englishman have to offer such an insult to a citizen of the United States? It is idle to appeal to the parades of Fenians, for these are, as sectionals, contemptible, and they would be tolerated only because it suited the interests of men in high places to alarm a rival government. No citizen has a right to hurt or trample upon the feelings of another citizen.

For this reason every right-minded citizen should and will applaud those who would prevent any such national celebration, whether in doing so they are supported by law or not; for if the law does not exist it ought to exist, as it is the natural and necessary consequence of the relations in which we stand—foreign or native citizens—towards one another and towards our only real and most free and happy land. It should be the effort of our rulers, as it certainly is the spirit of our country, to cement most closely and firmly the elements of which our nation is composed and to exclude anything that would mar the symmetry and lessen the strength of the noble structure the beauty and power of which win the admiration and command the respect of men in every clime and land. Whatever our hearts may feel, let our words and actions never show that we are anything but Americans, save to love our fellow men, be they white or black, red or yellow, from Europe or Asia, far beyond our boundaries live our fellow men, within our borders fellow citizens as well. CIVIS AMERICANUS.

GRAND CLOSING-OUT SALE
OF
DRESS GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, NOTIONS, CLOTHING, &c., &c.,
AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.
L. & M. H. MAYER, 212-214 *Main St., Johnstown,*
offer a choice and extensive stock of
SUMMER SILKS AND DRESS GOODS!
at much below their actual value.

Lyons Black Silks for $1.50..... ...worth $2.00.
Lyons Black Silks for 1.75..... " 2.25.
Lyons Black Silks for 2.00..... " 2.50.
Japanese Silks, new and desirable.
Summer Silks, pretty and very cheap.
Summer Dress Goods below Importers' prices.
Lace Curtains and Curtain Nets.
Shawls, Lace Jackets, Lace Mantles, Mitts, &c.

AT GREAT BARGAINS TO CLOSE THE LOT.

SUMMER CLOTHING to be sold regardless of cost or any other consideration, in order to get rid of an immense stock now on hand at the popular NEW YORK DRY GOODS & CLOTHING STORES. *Please call and examine.*

THE success of the Central Insurance Company of Altoona, as shown by the Company's Statement for July 1st, proves that skill and ability are the prominent elements of success in the insurance business. The Central, under the efficient management of Messrs. Kerr & Co., is already regarded as one of the safest, and therefore, one of the most popular companies doing business in Pennsylvania. We can confidently recommend the Central to those of our readers who may desire insurances on their properties. Besides being as safe as any other company, the people of this county have the chance of knowing, or at least learning the personal standing of the directors, which ought to have a great deal to do with deciding in what company to insure.

Foreign Exchange and Shipping are also among the specialties of this reliable firm, and passage tickets to and from all points in the world can be obtained from them at regular rates.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.—John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metallic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Hair and Straw Matrasses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [jul.13.-tf.]

THE REASON WHY.—The immediate cause of premature fading or blanching of the hair is an obstruction of the oil vessels which afford the coloring matter. The remote causes may be ill-health, trouble, fever, frights, &c., &c. Hence, in order to restore its natural color and beauty the oil vessels must be restored to their normal condition. It is on this principle that NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE is compounded, and it has proved a complete success, wherever faithfully applied. It is not a poisonous dye, consequently the effect is gradual, and in severe cases two or three bottles are necessary to produce the desired result. See advertisement.

EVERYBODY knows that the son or daughter that is remarkable for any special attraction of either mind, body, or disposition, is invariably spoken of as "the flower of the family." Everybody also knows that there is a vast difference between a family flower of this kind and the family flour which Mills furnishes to so many of our people, and which for quality is not excelled by any sold by any dealer in the land. Don't forget Mills and his cheap flour, feed, corn broom, ham and lamp depot.

MARY had a little corn upon her little toe, and every place that Mary went this corn was sure to go. She went to Vinroe's store one day to get of shoes a pair, and of course it is fair to presume that the little corn on the little toe aforesaid went with her there. Corn or no corn, Vinroe's Cambria House boot and shoe store is the place to get very cheap, neat-fitting and comfortable foot coverings of all styles, sizes and qualities, for ladies, misses, men, youths and children.

GO TO Andy Foster, of the popular dry goods firm of Geis & Foster, Johnstown, when you want to buy the next bill of goods, and tell him we sent you, and our word for it you will have every reason to be glad. Now's the right time.

THE Drs. Oldshue.

Those gentlemen have their office at 132 Grant street, Pittsburgh. Their system is known as the Urino-Pathological system. In other words they study disease by a faithful, careful and scientific examination of the urine, and prescribe remedies according to the result of their diagnosis. This, we know, is not so popular a method of practice as some, still it is by no means a new one. Some of the most intelligent and learned physicans the world has ever known have been Urino-Pathists.

The Drs. Oldshue are scientific men, and have demonstrated themselves over and over again to be masters of their profession, in the healing of hundreds of the worst ailments to which flesh is heir. No man can be with them an hour and not feel that they have thoroughly and successfully studied the healing art, on its scientific and practical sides; then, they are men who love their profession and do not follow it simply to make money, but to do good and bless mankind. The method of treatment they adopt is one, too, that puts the patient to the least possible trouble. They ask only to see a few ounces of his urine and know his age, and they will tell and do the rest. And they are most honorable men. And we take pleasure in commending such competent and high-minded professional gentlemen.

IRON CITY COLLEGE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

The best conducted, most popular and successful institution in the United States, for the thorough, practical education of young and middle aged men. For large descriptive circulars, containing full particulars, address
jul.27.3m. J. C. SMITH, A. M., Principal.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to make distribution of the funds in the hands of JOHN KENNEDY and JAS. BROWN, Executors of the last will and testament of Ann Kennedy, late of Munster township, dec'd, notice is hereby given that I will sit for that purpose at my office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, the 22d day of August, inst.*, at 2 o'clock, P.

Historical Reminiscences.

A glance at the map of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, shows a half circle, commencing on the Delaware river and running through Delaware and Chester counties, in this State, until it strikes the boundary line between this State and Maryland. Every geographer knows that this peculiar semi-circle line exists, but few know when or how it was done.

A writer in the Cecil (Md.) *Democrat*, who is contributing "Events, Incidents, and Characters" in the early settlements of these States, gives the following in relation to the establishment of the half moon line. He says:

A passenger in the cars from Elkton to Newark may notice in a field to his left, about a hundred yards from the railroad, and near a maple tree opposite the Yellow House, a cut granite stone, with a smaller dark one close on the south side of it. This is the tangent point made by the divisional line between Delaware and Maryland, touching the circle of twelve miles radius drawn from the steeple of the Court House at New Castle.

It is an important point in the history of Maryland, and is the boundary which settled the long controversy between Lord Baltimore and the heirs of William Penn, in accordance with the decision of Chancellor Hardwicke and the agreement of the Proprietaries. The grant of Lord Baltimore, which was some fifty years earlier than that of Penn, was bounded by the Delaware Bay on the east, and on the north by the fortieth degree of north latitude, clearly comprehending all of what is now called the State of Delaware, and up the Delaware up to the city of Philadelphia.

Through the whole controversy it is easy to perceive that Penn had the more influence at Court, and small matters were urged with effect against Lord Baltimore. There was said to be a previous grant of ten miles around New Castle to the Duke of York, and the words *lactinas inculta*, hitherto uncultivated, in the charter of Maryland it was alleged, could not apply to land which had been settled by a Christian people, and there had been a Swedish settlement at Fort Christiana. The ten miles around New Castle were to be measured by a radius of twelve miles from New Castle, and the old surveyors, Archibald McLean, John Lukins and Jonathan Hall, after opening a *vista*, as they called it, proceeded to measure with chain the radius of twelve miles, and fixed it at the point where the stones, above referred to, now stand. This measure was made about 1760 to 1763. It was determined that the due west line from Cape Henlopen should terminate at the distance of thirty four miles three hundred and nine perches, and at that point the tangent or division line between the provinces should be drawn straight up the peninsula to the tangent point aforesaid. The land was then covered with a dense forest, and after much labor and expense a vista was opened through the whole distance of some eighty miles. The parties in controversy entered into an agreement to refer the matter to commissioners to be appointed by them respectively, and they recommended that said commissioners take to their aid and assistance Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two English mathematicians and surveyors, who came over and brought better instruments, and proceeded at once to finish the survey in accordance with the agreement; which they completed in about four years, and were honorably discharged on the 26th of December, 1767. Of the work of their predecessors, the running of the line due west from Cape Henlopen to its termination midway between said Cape and Chesapeake Bay; the trace and measurement of the radius of twelve miles from New Castle Court House; and the determination of the tangent point, were accepted as setttled. In their report Mason and Dixon say, "We computed how far the true tangent line would be distant from the post shown us as the tangent point, and found it would not pass one inch to the westward or the eastward."

The next point which they determined was the beginning of the due west line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, which was to be on a parellel of latitude fifteen miles south of the southern boundary of the city of Philadelphia. Having determined the southern boundary of the city, they measured fifteen miles due south, and then run due west until they intersected a due north line from the tangent point aforesaid, and here they set up the corner stone between Maryland and Pennsylvania, and ran due west two hundred and thirty-eight miles to near a path called the Indian war path, but were prevented by the Indians from continuing the line to the end of five degrees of longitude, as they would not suffer it to pass westward of the war path.

At the time of fxing these boundaries there were only Maryland and Pennsylvania in the controversy; the three counties on the Delaware, New Castle, Kent and Sussex, being a part of Pennsylvania; and according to the agreement, boundary stones were prepared in England and sent over to be placed at the distance of a mile from each other, every fifth stone being a larger size, and having the arms of Lord Baltimore on one side, and those of the Penn family on the other, and on the intermediate stones the letter M on the side next Maryland and P on the side next Pennsylvania. The stone at the northeast corner of Maryland having been set near a stream of water was washed down and lost, and commissioners were appointed by the three States, namely: H. G. S. Key, of Maryland, Joshua P. Eyre, of Pennsylvania, and George Read Riddle, of Delaware, to restore the lost boundary, who called to their assistance Colonel J. D. Graham, United States Topographical Engineer, to assist in tracing the lines as laid down by Mason and Dixon. These parties met on the ground in 1847, and finding some discrepancies in the measures between the boundaries, Colonel Graham began to have some doubts about the correct measure of the radius of twelve miles from the Court House at New Castle, and having found the stations of the coast survey at Iron Hill and at Gray's Hill as a base line in determining by triangulation the distance between the Court House at New Castle and the tangent stone, and by the trial said stone was found to be within two feet and four inches of the proper distance, that is, that it should have been that much farther west, and the old stone was not disturbed, and the new one placed on the north side of it, as it now stands, marked "TANGENT—1849." Then in order to restore the lost boundary at the northeast corner of Maryland, the due north line was run until it intersected a line drawn due east from the boundaries of Mason and Dixon line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, and on making the excavation for the new boundary, they found, at the depth of three feet, a cut stone, unmarked, and of the same dimensions and quality as the stones set on the arc of the circle, and had probably been buried at the base of the one bearing the arms, when the latter was placed at the same point by Commissioner John Ewing, in 1848. Angle of deflection between the tangent line and the north line or chord of arc of boundary, 3° 56′ by Colonel Graham; 3° 28′ by Mason and Dixon; length of chord 7,743 feet. From the middle of the chord westward to the periphery of the circle the distance is given by Mason and Dixon as 1 chain 75½ links, and the length of tangent or peninsular line 81 miles 5,168 feet. Distance from tangent point to northeast corner of Maryland 5 miles 119 feet. The mile stones at McCowan's, Christiana Church and Gibson's, being on a true meridian line, may be used in determining the variation of the compass.

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE.

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HEATING AND COOK STOVES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING

and all other work in his line.

Virginia Street, near Caroline Street.

ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM...., ...JAS. B. ZAHM.

ZAHM & SON,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES

Usually Kept in a Country Store.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS!

STORE ON MAIN STREET,

Next Door to the Post Office,

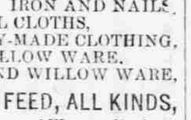
June 10, 1869. EBENSBURG, PA.

Andrew Moses,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

MUSIC! MUSIC!!—The "SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH" will be prepared to give Lessons on the PIANO MELODEON or CABINET ORGAN at any time after Easter.

☞ For terms apply to the Superioress, Sister M. HORTENSE, or to Rev. R. C. CHRISTY. Charges moderate.

Ebensburg, April 1, 1871.--tf.



WHOLESALE

JANNEY & ANDREWS,
123 Market St.
PHILADA.
GROCERS

1871. SPRING. 1871.

I am now prepared to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

TO CASH PURCHASERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.

EITHER AT

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of

Tin, Sheet-Iron,

COPPER AND BRASS WARES,

ENAMELLED AND PLAIN

SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c,

COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's Anti-Dust

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES.
NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES.

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Odd Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,

all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS

of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to

Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron.

at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS

now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.

Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
TO CASH CUSTOMERS!
AT THE EBENSBURG

HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shoe Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Applesl Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pear Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

☞ *House Spouting* made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY

Ebensburg, Feb, 28, 1867.-tf.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR
UNDERSTANDINGS!

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS.

PRICES REDUCED!

And Work Warranted!

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. JAMES WILKINSON.

Loretto, April 22, 1871.-tf.

GAY & WELSH,

Successors to Gay & Painter,

WHOLESALE

Grocers and Commission Merchants,

AND DEALERS IN

FLOUR, PRODUCE, FISH, SALT, CARBON OILS, &c., &c.,

362 LIBERTY STREET. - PITTSBURGH.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.

SUT LOVENGOOD AT A CANDY PULLING—I had a heap of trouble last Christmas, and I'll tell you how it happened. Dekin Jones gave a candy pullin', and I got a stool, as they say in North Carolina, and over I goes. Sister Poll and I went together, and when we got to old man Joneses the house was chuck full. Dog mi cats ef thare was room to turn round.

Thar was Suze Harkin, she's as big as a skinned horse, and six other Harkinses, and Simmonses, and Pedigrews, and the schoolmaster and his gal, besides the old dekin and the dekiness, and enough little dekinesses to set up half a dozen young folks in the family bizness.

Well bimeby the pot begun to bile, and then the fun begun. We all got our plates ready, and put flour on our hands to keep the candy from stickin', and then we pitched into pullin'. Wasn't it fun? I never saw such laffin and cuttin' up in all my born daze.

I made a candy bird for Em Simmons Her and me expecks to trot in double harness one of these daze. She made a candy goose for me.

Then we got throwin' candy balls intu one another's hair, and a runnin' from one side of the house to tuther, and out intu the kitchen, till everything upon the place was all gummed over with candy. I sot down on a pine bench, and Em Simmons sot close to me. Suze Harkin, confound her picture, throw'd a candy ball sock intu one of my ize. I made a bulge to run after her, and heard something rip. My stars alive! wasn't I pickelled? I looked around, and thar was the gable end of a bran new pair of britches a sticken to the pine bench. I backed up again the wall sorter crawfish like and grinned.

"Sut," said sister Poll, "what's the matter?"

"Shut up!" sez I.

"Sut," says Em, "come away from that wall; you'll get all over greasy."

"Let her grease!" sez I, and down I sat on a washboard that was lying across a tub, feeling worse than an old made at a weddin'. Purty soon I felt something hurt, and purty soon it hurt again. Ice—whis—I jumped ten feet hi, kicked over the tub, out flew pld Joneses Christmas turkey, and you ought to seen me git.

I cut for tall timber now, jumpt staked and ridered fences, and mashed down brush like a runaway herikan till I got home, and went to bed and staid there two daze.

Ef old Joneses barn burns down next winter, and ef I am arrested for it, and ef anybody peers as a witness agin me, I'll bust his doggon'd hed! Them's my sentiments.

—There is a man in Bridgewater, Mass., who has been clerk, agent, and treasurer for a manufacturing company for thirty-six years; clerk, agent, and treasurer of an iron company for thirty years; clerk, agent, and treasurer of a third company for twenty-two years; and president of another company twenty-two years. He has never been absent from an annual or directors' meeting of either of these companies during his official connection with them, and has kept the records and drawn all the checks of three.

MR. FULGER, of Detroit, made himself two spacious wings of rattan, cork and oilskin, summoned his friends and the newspaper reporters, repaired to the roof of a one and-a-half story house, and promised just before he commenced to flap that he would telegraph back from Grand Rapids. He flapped, but instead of being wafted upwards and cleaving the blue air, he landed among some weeds on his stomach. He explained that, somehow, he had lost the centre of gravity, and the audience took that view of it.

AUCTION! AUCTION!

HAVING been commissioned by Governor Geary to act as *AUCTIONEER* in and for the Borough of Ebensburg, I am now prepared to receive and sell at Public Auction all kinds of Goods, Wares, Merchandise, &c., and also attend to the duties of Auctioneer at all sales of Lands, Tenements, Live Stock, Household Furniture, &c., &c., within the limits of said Borough. *Terms moderate.* Inquire at No. 100 High Street. *M. L. OATMAN,*

Ebensburg, April 22, 1871.-tf.

D. M'LAUGHLIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*—Office in the Exchange building, on the Corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

JOHN P. LINTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin street, opposite Mansion House, second floor. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnstown, Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

C. W. EASLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, No. 108 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa., two doors North of Frazer's Drug Store. Will attend promptly to all manner of legal business that may be entrusted to him.

C. L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.* Office on Franklin street, upstairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store. Jan. 31, 1867.

A. KOPELIN, - - - - T. W. DICK,
Johnstown. Ebensburg.

KOPELIN & DICK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Wm. Kittell, Esq., Colonade Row. [oct.22.-tf.

P. P. TIERNEY.....JAMES NULL.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE
—OF—
TIERNEY & NULL,
Colonade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-'71.-tf.]

WILLIAM KITTELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg, Pa.*—Office in Colonade Row, Centre street. Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....GEO. A. BERRY.

SHOEMAKER & BERRY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
March 11, 1871. *EBENSBURG, PA.*

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug.27.]

WM. H. SECHLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Thos. Lloyd's new building, one door north of Colonade Row, Centre street.

J. S. OGDEN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Johnstown, Pa. Office on Iron street, between the Conemaugh Bridge and Pa. R. R. Depot. Collections and all business intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. [9-11.

Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of **Consumption**, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing **Coughs**, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome **Influenza** and painful **Bronchitis**, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye

FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

NATURE'S

HAIR RESTORATIVE

TRADE MARK. PATENTED.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT,—desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE*, and take no other.

☞ Send two three cent stamps to PROCTER BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.

☞ For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 3, '71.-1y.]

LLOYD & CO., Bankers,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made in all accessible points in the United States and a general Banking business transacted

W. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made.—Moneys received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. an31.

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS

Hundreds of Thousands

Bear testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?

There are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal. ☞ Send for a circular.

THEY ARE NOT A VILE

FANCY DRINK,

Made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and A LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to direction and remain long unwell.

$100 will be given for an incurable case, provided the bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effect.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French and Spanish.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

Dr. Crook's WINE or TAR Established 1862.

A remedy which has been tested for 10 years, and prized in thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; performing many remarkable cures merits a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and vainly seeking relief. Will you let prejudice prevent you from being cured also?

Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all

Asthma.—The relief and cures of it are marvelous.

Bronchitis.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure

Throat Ailments require only a few doses.

Lung Diseases.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable

Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system.

Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of this organ

Dyspepsia.—Its healing action on the stomach cures it.

Appetizer.—It is health-giving and appetite restoring.

Urinary Organs.—Action on them is marked and prompt

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of undoubted value, which make it unsurpassed, not only for the complaints enumerated but it rapidly restores exhausted strength, cleanses the Stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood, and begets a vivacity appreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try the life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar, you will add your testimony to its great value in correcting any ills that flesh is heir to." Prepared only by CLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Scrofula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Liver, Diseases of the Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Scald Head, Ulcers, and old Sores, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root. It is combined with the best tonic preparations of iron known, and is the best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Prepared only by CLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

EBENSBURG

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives. Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

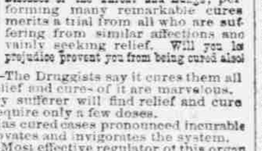
☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

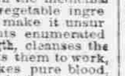
DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.



Aug.13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,

Altoona, Pa.,



Operative and Mechanical DENTIST

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-tf.

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BUNN, Dealer in *Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c.* Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa.

October 17, 1867.-6m.

W. W. JAMISON, M. D., Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa., Tenders his professional services to such of the citizens of the above place and vicinity as may require medical aid. [April 21.-1y.]

THE BOY OF THE PERIOD.—Every body has seen the Boy of the Period. His face hangs on the showboard in front of the photographer's. He is on exhibition for a while every fair evening on the corners of conspicuous streets. He is carefully and scrupulously dressed; wears delicate kids; twirls a rattan stick; puffs a fragrant cigar; eyes every young lady that may chance to pass, and gives his opinion of her at once and aloud if her ears are in reach. Having finished his street performance, he lounges into a billiard saloon, flourishes his cue, drinks his drinks, pays for them with ostentatious parade of his indifference to money, and then adjourns out in search of home or of some other place.

The Boy of the Period is a great reader. He is familiar with "Our Best Society," "The Day's Doings," and all the pictorial literature which draws its embellishments from a lewd imagination. He detests reading of a solid kind as being unworthy the attention of a modern young gentleman. He thinks is too fine and fanciful to be regaled with any food of useful knowledge. He glances through now and then over the leading daily press, but if he fails to find in them some record of sensational record of crime, he tosses them away in disdain. He has heard of the library, but deems it of no use to him. He may serve plodding blockheads very well.

The Boy of the Period is a genius. He is above work, and has a clerkship; but he has no intention of passing his years in the dull routine of a profession, trade or business. He is too smart for all that. He needs money, for he has the habits of a spendthrift.

Chance is Protean. Honesty is straightforward, and has a single eye. The Boy of the Period worships chance, and waits daily at her shrine. At length he sails in; makes a venture, in some form, and luck, the deceiver, at first is on his side. Suddenly luck has turned against him. He fights his battle desperately; flounders into a crime; is detected, arrested, imprisoned, and punished. The Boy of the Period gets his face into the rogues' gallery.

Such is a brief outline of the biography which very nearly describes the line of life along which a good many young men are traveling. A little reflection on their part might induce them to choose a better and safer path.

BLACK RAIN.—A contributor to Nature furnishes the annexed.

"The following notice of a shower of black rain, which has been sent to me by my friend, Mr. Walker, of Norton Villa, near Worchester, though not so exact in its description as I could have wished, may call attention to the subject, and elicit a more detailed account, if in this unusual season rain of a similar nature has fallen elsewhere. Mr. Walker's residence is about three miles southeast at Worchester, and he says that, after three or four hours of common rain on Tuesday, June 6th, it became suddenly dark about 7 P. M., and shortly after a rain like ink poured down for a quarter of an hour, after which light returned on the scene. The following morning the sheep at Woodhull (an adjacent farm) appeared as if their fleeces had been dyed black; also the dog and a gray pony that Mr. Walker had out in a field close by appeared as if they had been rolling in soot or in a coal hole. The black matter brought down with the rain was of an adhesive nature, and at Littlewood, within a mile of Norton, where this rain fell into some tubs, it was observed to be as black as ink. The fact was particularly remarked, as eleven had been falling for some hours on the day mentioned, but had ceased an hour previously to the commencement of this black downfall. The actual raid of that evening did not extend to Worchester, but I have a note taken at my residence here at the time that 'the gloom was singular and surprising all the evening.' I regret that I got into Hertfordshire next day, I was not aware of this occurence till some days after, and none of the black rain or the adhesive matter it had brought down had been preserved for microscopical examination."

A TALE OF DUTY.—The *New York World* thus tells the story of how a Philadelphia policeman nobly performed his duty:

On Tuesday last Policeman McNulty, of Philadelphia, was torn sadly by a conflict between modesty and duty, but duty drove him at last from her rival, and placed him in an embarrassing yet honorable position. At the south street bath house there are "male" and "female" days, and Wednesday was of the latter sort. The bath house was filled with such naiads as Philadelphia, that city of beauties, alone can produce